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# LE MARQUIS DE LEUVILLE.

POEMS

and AELIA

from ENTRE-NOUS

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John W. Dutton  
Superintendent

Dear Sir



# LE MARQUIS DE LEUVILLE.

POEMS

AND

AELIA.

*Illustrated.*

FROM

“ENTRE-NOUS.”

TENTH THOUSAND.



(PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN & HALL, LONDON.)

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

[1884]

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MAN

TO FLORENCE.

*Like the cushat to his nest,*

*Like the bee to honey-cell,*

*And the fisherman across the sands into the bonnie lee,*

*I have made you of my best*

*Just a rosary to tell,*

*If you will raise my rustic beads to such a dignity.*

*Because some came from the air,*

*And some from lips of flowers,*

*And many from the bosom of the wild majestic sea,*

*And more came fleet and fair,*

*From a Summer that was ours,*

*And I bring them, as in olden time, to you on bended knee.*

*Out of sorrow some have come,*

*From the griefs of human lives ;*

*And some from aching hours they tried in vain to render*

*sweet,—*

*Take these as tears,—and some*

*Like a swirl of Autumn leaves,*

*To write your beauty down the grove beneath your little  
feet.*





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### ENTRE-NOUS.

*Books not in a language  
entirely your own in youth  
should have some prefatory  
account of themselves.*

VOSSIUS.

I HAD therefore better make some apologies for my  
"French-English."

Poetry is an inconvenient thing. Yet poets *will* dream in spite of stern reality perpetually staring them in the face; and painters still rise in the morn from their rich visions of the night, without a beam of hope for daily bread.

"*Mais ils sont à nous ces beaux palais !*" said either Alfred de Vigny, or Sarasin or Montreuil—or some of those *petits-mâîtres* of the Port Royal or elsewhere. (The truth is, I am possessed by a nomad Asmodeus, who is continually transgressing my geography and protruding his two sticks where I get a little confused in following him.)

"*Ils sont à nous ces beaux palais !*" . . . How well it rings ! But these war-cries, born of a passant feeling that

God creates for the poet and the poet for man, are most transient. The *true* poet's calling is a hard crusade. He sheds the tears that others dream of :—out of his sorrow comes his song, and even with this urgent inward drouth he forgets his *own* grief, and when the sounds of the street come louder through the windows newly opened to let in the first of Spring, he vows his soul to the lay of the poor,—the unprofitable psalm of the right against the wrong. His spiritual being is the scene of some invisible tragedy when we see him, far away : when the streams are strewed with leaves, and the innocent lights and shadows lie peaceful across the road, looking wistful as an Autumn afternoon, with “ Fall ” weather in his heart, seeking in heaven some dead spirit, while his own seems like a moth in the dew ; growing white with one sweet souvenir safe beneath the snow upon his brow, and needing indeed to feel that love is older than death, and mercy the song of the spheres.

Or farther still, in the mute desert, exiled ; gazing from his little tent, with a door whence the swallows come ; floating over taintless tides skyward through the beautiful marvellous space, to the blue meadows among the clouds untravelled by the sun, earnestly, blindly searching amid the voiceless music of our inward sight for the one great chord—human and divine.

Or in Venice, on the Giudecca, where the muffled melody of a hundred loving hearts half hid in lamplit



gondolas, has sent his soul on sapphire wings athwart the night-clad Adriatic, where the moon gathers half the sea into her smile, and makes each foam-flecked wavelet fair ;—soaring higher yet, to seek the one note of music that shall make all heaven friends. Or else even plunging from his gondola to taste the very sea itself : swimming by its side without knowing or caring whether he went to perdition or not ; and thence maybe to beautiful Verona,—beautiful Verona !—in memory of Romeo and Juliet :—swerving from his love's balcony in the strange light, half from the fading window, half from the kindling dawn, hanging between heaven and the Adige, and ready to take a hand at haphazard for his life, or a two-handed sword for his love. Salvator Rosa is much my ideal, and I do not see why a poet should not be a mighty hunter, and hold his own with a sword or a sonnet ; the soul of honour, *et tout pour son altesse la femme*.

Naturally, here I am only speaking of the *true* poet, *par la grâce de Dieu—le gentilhomme passionné*—not the *fanfaron* of a kind of artistic carnality, nor the *poète d'occasion* ; the charlatan of verse, who lights his equivocal incense on the dowdy shrine of human vanity, and is about as full of poetry as a Kidderminster carpet, and as much at home in the beautiful country lands as a tin rat-trap in a bank of flowers, and who becomes *poussif* with piling up his ethereal gewgaw confectionery. Glorifying—grotesquely jubilating,

in fact, in a blinkard peacockism to advertise his own tail.

By-the-way, let me say that I am *not* levelling a covert *stigmata* at any personal friends here, and I mention it because I once inadvertently incurred a virulent hatred (which I still recognize by an occasional squib against me) for having created, in a little comedietta for amateurs, the character of a—Plagiarist—who led a blighted existence from having had *one original* thought; which he never dared to use because he could not for the life of him remember *where he got it from*. But it is this kind of *chiffonier musqué* who has caused us to feel so utterly sick of “*Spring*,” and the present generation to be born tired of “*Autumn*,” and such things as “*Lines on Receiving a Green Pen-wiper*,” etc. Though these little pipers who sing their little loves gently and equally in their own verses and other people’s, are nothing to that dynamitic pocket giant of song who *knows* he can fluster the stars with his candlestick, and frighten the sea with his walking-stick; a kind of Gargantuan Orpheus, in fact, who, when he passes over the earth, the mountains double up without thinking of the marmalade they make of the travellers in the tunnels.

Let us dismiss these *nègres blancs* with even the heartrending dying words of poor Alfred de Musset, “*Dormir ! enfin je vais dormir.*”

For my part, inasmuch as I *have* to speak of my own



work in this prefatory salmagundi, I may truly say that though I write prose to raise some principle of right against wrong, or to help the oppressed, I never commit a line of poetry if I can help it ; but I suppose my sensuous delight in form and colour does not enable me entirely, in painting, to give forth some idyllic accretions which, if I do not get them out of the sentient precincts of my temperament, turn their points inward and give me pain. These are hidden tithes of the soul, and, while I try hard to pay them in full, I fear they make me often in need of the charities of the imagination. I write my unkempt verse almost in the exact form in which it first comes to me, with little after-finish, preferring to brave a scant countenance of hypercriticism, rather than lose any possible relationship with high attributes it may have had, when its imperial prevalence compelled me to set it in its first raiment.

Moreover, I believe if you frankly write down some simple thought that is moving your heart, not *more* ungrammatically than is the wont of poets in general, you will surely find some other heart to understand it, and sympathize, if you have but patience to wait.

Yet in all picturing of thought, we should remember we are *ex*-pressing what we *see* in our heart's sight ; and that which looks very different to the outward sight of those we wish to *im*-press, and goes through an exactly opposite process with them.

Poetry is **not** intended to run a subject to earth, but rather to elevate it and make poets of those to whom the writer appeals.

To take an earthly metaphor : All that is required of Poetry in her interpoecular moods is to be contagious ; therefore, though I may have only *joué du malheur en choisissant à tâtons*, yet if I could now and again touch some keynote that might solace one bereaved heart,— dispel some silvery web of a secret sorrow, or lead my reader into kindly dreams of his own, far sweeter probably than any I can weave for him, I am content to vanish, without button-holing him, as it were, with my *préciosité*.

Also, I have a painful consciousness of two things : first, my temperament is probably for the most part that of a painter, and secondly (as my critics have noted), having been reared principally among the traditions of France, I think mostly in French and conceive with the brush. I therefore ask for *la grande courtoisie* of forbearance for my prudent non-elaboration.

Undoubtedly, with labour the most wayward measures may be made polished metres ; but (unless the piece is for music) I hope to be forgiven if they are dear to me in their first poor array, when they came to me ; and I see them still in that sweet twilight, which we say in France is “*entre chien et loup*.” They are Bashi-bazouks rather than a martinet’s regulars, and poems *en peignoir*. My muse seems always to have her

hair astrew. Nobody is *en toilette*, and we are strictly *entre-nous de bon matin*.

The Press critics have been the cause of my not changing this form in poetry. They are the only sure and penetrating judges. I should feel very crestfallen if my work were full enough of mediocrities to "just hit" the "general public," and the Press having solidly approved, I feel my feeling strengthened.

I know that if they tried they could never find more faults in my verse than I do myself; and they always leave the correcting to me.

Nevertheless, a literary friend has collected their *favorable* verdicts on my work into a volume of two parts, forming about five hundred pages in octavo together, the second portion of which has been reprinted. I can only say I am proud of them.—I am most thankful to have them; and to the Press for those urging words, and I hold these judgments as a talisman against all the little *aboiements lucratifs* at one's heels from the lesser critics. I can hardly, perhaps, render my feeling in the matter more intelligibly than by saying over again that I value the opinion of the great Press more than all. That I like it as a body; feel proud when anything I write allows me to be "one among them," and having been with these hard-worked pioneers of the world's thought all over the earth, I know their ukase to be fearless, and themselves good men and true.







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POEMS

AND

AELIA.

*Illustrated.*







# ÆLIA

A ROMANCE OF MEDIEVAL VENICE...

CAR LA FLEUR, QUI S'OUVRIE AVEC L'AURORE EN FLEURS,  
ET QUI FAIT À MIDI DE SES BELLES COULEURS  
ADMIRER LA SPLENDEUR TIMIDE,  
SOUS SES COROLLES D'OR, LOIN DES YEUX IMPORTUNS,  
AU FOND DE CE CALICE OÙ SONT TOUTS SES PARFUMS,  
SOUVENT CACHE UNE PERLE HUMIDE!"

VICTOR HUGO.

"JOY KNOWS NOT WHAT IT SUFFERETH."

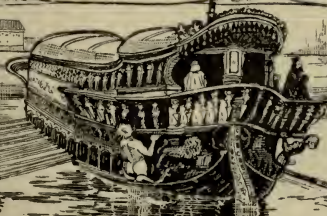
AUSTIN.

"AU PRINTEMPS EN ITALIE, LES FLEURS, LES GAZONS, TOUT  
HÉLAS, VOUS DIT, 'SOYEZ DEUX!'"

LEUVILLE.

**B**Y MELLOW JASPER COLUMNS UNDERNEATH  
THE TRELLISED NIGHT OF LANGUID LEAF  
AND FLOWER,

FAIR ÆLIA, THE COQUETTE, AND DARDAGIL,  
THE DAWNING POET, SILENT LEANED APART  
IN AN EMBRASURE OF THE BALCONY,  
FLUTE-NOTES AND STRINGS, AND BRIMMING  
LIFE WITHIN



Moved fluctuant past their temples, and the air  
All filled with these, and overladen, drooped  
E'en like some unseen angel's azure wing,  
And ruffled in one long vibration low  
The lamp-lit waters, where the moonlight curled  
Close round the imaged moon.

O, happy tones !

Some swerved and sank in eddies down blue depths,  
And some went tangled in the silver beams,  
And wended homeward ways on paths to heaven.  
And with voluptuous odours some were caught  
And taken up and smoothly borne away  
About fair ladies' ears in gondolas :  
For it was Venice.

The Venice of wit and idlesse ; intrigue,  
And sumptuous raiment, elegance and love :  
The old sweet *Venezia del cinque*.  
Bright Summer blushed brimful of brave romance  
On the sea-city, in those knightly times,  
And Moorish art lit up the Greek, and warmed  
Quaint *quattro-cento* with its Eastern smile.  
Already grief for glory gone shed round









A softening shade. There—night reigned infinite  
 Yet was not night. But some Circassian  
 Veiled maiden, come with violet eyes to hush  
 The trancèd spheres ;—with outheld hands to close  
 The wavelet's eyelid, lull the deep canals  
 And tell her love while sleep looked down on you  
 And smiled, through low Venetian floating chimes.

Ælia, the spoiled and loveliest of Venice,  
*Del Veneto la bianca perla,*  
 The lady of the radiance, iris-veiled,  
 Opal-like Ælia, fairest of the time  
 And wilfullest coquette, would play with love,  
 As with a treasure given her to play with ;  
 It came so gayly decked, so knightly knelt :  
 So many flattered, likening her beauty  
 To the hanging gardens of the Lombard sky,  
 That landward called the clouds that looked on her.

And thus her pride and queenlier caprice  
 Grew up. All the nobles were but subjects ;  
 And the women in their tongue had named her  
 Heartless : and anon a courtly noble too  
 Would think full courteously—they read aright :  
 And yet at times, at times within her eyes

Were holy lures to dream in hazel depths,  
And swimming shadows, endless and divine.  
Two lovers, variously cast, diverse  
In all things, stood the foremost in the crowd,  
Artim and Dardagil. Great Artim won  
The smile of Aelia's kin, and deigned to sue  
For Aelia's.

Little staid him where he loved.

Now he, men saw, was not of Latin race,  
Thickset and strong, with hair upon his wrists.  
Refined in vice, and with an understream  
Of wile that marked him of his line. Ranked high  
In the State for many powers, and riches first.  
His palace too, a paradise of wealth.  
The flatteries of Artim were supreme,  
And weighed his words. It cost him little toil  
To weave his web for women, whom he stalked  
As doth the many-wintered spider, grown  
Fastidious with spoil. Meditating  
He overcast her with a silent oath,  
She should be his ; and he no man for jest.

The passion these men know hath oft been named  
By love's own name, and such mere bounden slave

To some such gnawing thirst will fiercely swear,  
He *loves* a maid whose soul hangs like a lark's  
Fresh song in upper air, though he but craves  
The sweet bird's blood to gorge him with and spoil.  
All otherwise the loyal Dardagil,  
Strange with the wayward passion of the Muse,  
And his fantastic beauty, and soft tint  
Of olive. Idle, tall ; as those that leaned  
In Moorish Lion-courts, when Latin blood  
Was swift. Most courtly and full warm ; yet 'neath  
His dreamy indolence a panther lurked.

And Artim almost wondered at his look  
Of merry, dauntless truth that upward glanced  
From eyes that dimmed with others' woe alone—  
Nor every man could read him right. His friend  
He well could love, as women love, from out  
The heart, by inspiration, giving all  
And asking naught. Of grand old martial race  
He came. Unlike them, save when stung with heat  
Of conflict he would wake and rouse his sires  
That slumbered to his harping. Proud of birth  
Let them be ;—he to rank among the bards  
In high noblesse and heraldry of God.





Are poets loved of women? So desired,  
Caressed, yet are they loved before the realm  
Within them is revealed—the scorn, the strength,  
The charity, the majesty? This one  
Sweet Aelia mocked, tho' mockery of him  
She could not suffer: him she threw her chains  
Around, divining well this captive knight  
The truest there, though scarce divining why;  
And hardly knowing yet the pain she gave,  
The bliss, the fire, the torture of our love  
That youth nor reason e'er shall comprehend.  
The splendor of the vacillating Spring  
Through orange bloom and pergola was hers,  
And hers' Venetian April's bright caprice  
Of frowns and smiles. Child and woman, fair  
Above them all, and ever taught to feel  
The vision bright and dream of love she was;  
The gentle monotone of Pulci now—  
Anon Boiardo's brighter dream, the thought  
Of Cimabue or strong pale Zeuxis  
In the past.

Standing by the lighted shrine  
To-night upon the terrace, with the stars,  
Herself the star of half the nobles' eyes,

She leaned with all her swerving light of gems  
Above the wavy palace with its lamps,  
And softly-ruffled globe of moon, that glowed  
Below the star-shot tide.

And musing thus :

Save just where once or twice, as if by chance,  
There lay a smooth-cut emerald, as 'twere  
Asleep in veiled glow, her robe was white ;  
Up-fastened here and there with bars of gold,  
Dead gold, and fell in myriad idle folds,  
And went away in waves. The dead gold looped  
Her living hair up, and became a part  
Of secret Summer scent and balmy sheen  
Of amber. Soft-hued, smooth-cut emeralds  
Upon her neck and breast, she looked a dream ;  
And there was not a glitter or an edge  
In all that presence ; but a charm asleep,  
A love-lit low glow, ruby-like, that rose  
And passed when she passed, sailing through the sight  
In only white and green, and gold, dead gold.

She stole from Artim through bright groups, wherein  
Refinement like a perfume filled the air,  
And raising here her eyes to Dardagil,

"Thou lovest me," she said ; "tell me thereof.  
Or is it much, or little, say, Sir Knight ;  
For are there not varieties in love ?  
I long ;—well—fear to know, yet tell me truth !  
I'd have a true love-tale to-night ; this night  
As Eastern as the fashion of thy brow.  
Ha ! would I trust thee wert thou not a poet ?  
Poets, they say, will only wed with truth.  
If they are false, then who is true, alack !  
I am spoilt, they say, so tell me truly all."—

Ever in woman's heart are two refrains  
With echoes full. Their songs are : Vanity,  
And Love. Artim woke the first : Dardagil  
Roused love ; and Aelia listened unto both.

Her lover answered her. All clouded each  
Sweet sign upon his ever-speaking face.  
"You would have truth ?" Then for the thousandth time,  
Remembrance of her tortures struck the wave  
Of passion for her in his heart, they met  
And crashed like maddened waters. "Love is truth.  
I love ! And surely truth is mine—a trifle ?  
A decoration for my lady's hair ?  
Yea ! if thou wilt. I love thee, Aelia, love thee,

O ! as this music loves the air it leans on !  
I love thee as low music loves the touch  
That's mother to it. As that far-off wave,  
With naught but other striving waves around,  
Must love the shore. Aye ! or the mariner  
That faints on it and floats with that last thought  
That life could hold of love. Shall I tell truth ?  
All truth, and wilt thou hear it ? " Yea," she said.  
" Then, Aelia, I do love thee with a sense  
So much above mere life, beyond mere death,  
That when thou leav'st me in thy changeful moods,  
Like swallows turning dappled breasts to go,  
My brain becomes a maze of folly,—mad !  
And drunken shades of my distorted thought,  
Seem leading through my soul some reckless slow  
Weird minuet of inebriated night !  
My brows should burn the world up with their fire,  
And fold so soft to serve and tend thee. Yet  
How dare I give myself to thee and doubt  
Thy choice were wealthier ? Queen sunflower of love,  
I know that thou could'st lull me when thou wouldst  
To deep divine entrancement ; and that thou  
Couldst bid me live the life of spirits ; drown  
Or dance me on the ripple of the hour.



O ! at the thought, I seem like yon sea-sands,  
Part, part left dry of ocean, part still washed  
With dying thunders of the ebb. I know thee.  
And he that gives himself to thee, must watch  
His image in the variable cloud  
Torn by the winds. I know it. But the name,  
That is thy title, *shall* not come from me !”

Ælia was silent long ; amazed to hear  
This truth she asked for come from him who loved.  
She would have spoken then, maybe to plead,  
Or maybe to disdain him ; with the wrath  
Of angry beauty crush him.

He was gone !

All through the night she lay awake, until  
The dusk-tipped wings of dawn had brought her  
sleep ;  
And then she dreamed by chance her face was changed,  
She went unrecognized of kith and kin,  
And when she cried that she was Ælia,  
“The little Ælia, that untamed coquette,”  
They scoffed, and frowned, and turned her from the  
door.  
Then sobbed she, “Bring me Dardagil ! O he,



He knows me well." And a strange woman said,  
"He cannot know thee, Dardagil is mine."  
Then fell she from the threshold screaming loud,—  
And found her maidens round her, and her pillow  
Wet with tears.

She rose, and all the day,  
And alway after, robed herself in sable.  
And then though Artim woo'd and chafed, and chafed  
And woo'd ; her heart was fain and fortified.

Strange,  
Full strange to change for one hard word, but now  
She only lived on hope and Dardagil.  
With heart and lips whose words were worth their  
kisses

Adoring the banished idol that she made.  
That stalwart form, those large fatiguëd eyes.  
And in her breast anon took sanctuary,  
And raised high convent walls of purity  
Around. Then, labour in despair, in vain  
The goodliest gifts were sent by Artim ; gems  
Hid deep in utmost eastward ocean  
Such as Venice even, she the jewelled queen  
Of all the seas, scarce knew, and courtly maid  
Had coveted. But Aelia put them back,

These that once had been the beauty's armour,  
As valueless :—that made her mother's eyes  
Who brought these gifts, to shine so tenderly  
On her (and them). For that Aelia of old,  
Whom they were seeking, the proud coquette,  
Lay at the bottom of her jewel-case  
Like a dead turquoise.

Dardagil meanwhile

Bled unseen, like the root whose one sweet nower  
Is plucked. And paced the hidden side of all  
That Eastern splendour littered in the bright  
Venetian, ways abruptly edged with shade  
To hear each day from kith and kin (so kind),  
Aye, even from the very gondoliers,  
The clank that linked her name with Artim's.

Praying

With riven heart that *he*, this Artim, might  
But love her well ; and had he even known  
She loved him (pondering on that truth he said),  
His higher knighthood held him mute : for self  
Had passed away, and chivalry or fear  
To hinder her from higher choice, held bound  
His heart in realms beyond the easy ways  
Of love with love returned, for he had cast

His bosom on the waters, or to love  
And float, or love and die.

And all this while  
Bright Tintoretto, with his god-like hand  
Enriched these days, and all along the shade  
The soft-eyed maids with hair our Titian loved  
Bore wavering vases laughing to the wells.  
And so the empty-handed Spring sailed by  
In sable gondolas and crescent moons.

But thick-browed Artim, brooding on his schemes  
To satiate a passion foiled, let not  
The hours go unsown. He had a creature  
Here, of one same mother born, who served him  
Abjectly ; with whom in hours of play,  
The eves of daily labour, for the State's  
Behoof, the dark forethoughtful man would fence,  
To keep his hand in for a sudden call,  
And 'tween the passes would he rallyingly,  
And with an indication of the steel,  
Hint at grave deeds that *might* be done and should—  
And then again on guard.

The high lamp's light  
In Artim's palace, shown abroad o'er Venice,



Would often check the laughing gondoliers.  
Returning from a festa it would make  
The holy hush of still canal and square  
Significant of evil. Heavenly night  
In Venice shared the gaze of eager dame  
And cavalier on that inscrutable  
High lamp and lone. "What plots he now?" they  
hint.

"And whom against?"

A gondola was framed  
Even like a sister unto Aelia's own.  
"And thou," said Artim to his brother, "Seek  
This canzonetting boy on whom her soul  
Is fixed. Say we brothers hate as brothers :  
And you would be revenged through him on me ;  
This well implied : then bring him where this boat,  
Mysteriously closed, divides the ripples  
As though from off Murano. Then, me he sees  
Reclining in it like the lord of it,  
My lady hidden. Dost thou mark me well?"

'Twas done : and soon the softly swerving lie,  
As if from off Murano, in the crowd  
Of muffled boats or gaily decked appeared

Athwart the golden waves 'by Dardagil,  
And as he looked his heart leaped, for Artim  
Sat therein !—

But Dardagil went on with talk  
To Artim's brother carelessly, and said :  
“How change sails on in Venice ! Here have I  
But little time been absent, and 'tis robed  
Anew.” But quick his trembling arm betrayed  
The poison of the plot that worked in him  
From head to heel ; each fibre of his heart  
Grew marble, so that violence of will ;  
His own true stern nobility alone—  
Just held him on the crash of rage, that 'whelmed  
Despair, and swayed him almost e'en to curse  
At Ælia's name. “And yet, not this !” he said,  
“I could have worn the crown of thorns, to know  
This Artim loved—an' he but loved her well.”—  
And then, with outstretched hands, as though to stem  
Hot tears from teeth of fire, “His love is vile—  
Would kill her.” Then suddenly—“Your brother  
Has hurt you, cavalier. We follow him ;  
The sore may spread too far.”

The brother fain  
Had made him turn ; remembering how he once

For but a tiny word against her fame  
Hurled huge Miguel, the very Doge's son,  
There headlong in the Grand Canal. "But now,"  
Low down within himself, unheard he said,  
"Unnerved, he'll fall upon a practiced sword,  
If haply sword-play issue of it." Grim  
He eyed the chase, and on the marble steps  
Of Artim's palace Dardagil sprung forth  
To summon Artim. Courteously the two  
Saluted, Artim smiling hard.

"Returned  
To life?" he said. And Dardagil: "Or else  
Embarked for death, or you!"—

"Is that a poem  
In birth?" sneered Artim.

"My good sword may write  
It on thy breast!" hurled fiercer Dardagil.  
"Thy Muse a boy's untempered jealousy!"  
Cried Artim.

Then Dardagil, his head erect  
Once more: "I hardly heed your empty seats  
Your gondola shows ill your craft! Not I,  
'Tis thou art jealous here. I had thought more

Of Artim's jealousy. Swift jealousy !  
 Whose harsh hawk's eye is blind to all but blood,  
 And speaks not till 'tis done. Had I a right  
 To jealousy, I'd break thee as the wave  
 This brittle bark, and leave thee littered there  
 On Lido's shore till wind and wave had washed  
 The ugly stain away." Artim just held  
 His rage enough to say, "My lady bird  
 To the palace comes not yet ; I have dropped  
 Her dainty feet at home ; the world's tongue wags,  
 You know."

"Breathe not her name aloud, Seigneur,"  
 Said Dardagil. "We slash no lady's name,  
 We that are noble, with *our* meeting swords.  
 And pray you do not vex the truth with lies  
 And plots so low that serving fiends of hell  
 Would loathe them. See, the very gondola  
 Swings backward from your feet as though it  
 scorned

Incarnate liars ! Yet do I acknowledge  
 That you outstripped me in our race to-night,  
 And reached the palace first, as being your own  
 You well might do. Still I am discontent,  
 And smite you. Surely *this* is cause enough



For crossing swords, and who needs more—needs none.”

Then Artim's fury blazed !               \*       \*       \*

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Night, with the star

Of unvanquished will, frets the smooth-blown sands

Of Lido's shore. Full soon 'twill flash the swords

Of foes ; sparkling off their steel and the wave's

Phosphoric lunging foam at intervals

Against their footing.

Artim's mind was cool,

For ne had seen his fever'd foe stoop down

To cool his forehead in the sea : he knew

Kind Fortune doth prefer the stronger hand,

And felt it was his own.

Pale but elate,

Dauntless stood Dardagil, his doublet off,

The weird white moonlight on his open front,

And on his well-squared breast and shoulders broad,

His long bright rapier drawn, the point upon

The ground, the cold light just warmed in his eyes,

Just falling through his graceful lifted hair,

His shadow at his feet. A long trailed star

Fell swiftly then, and to his confidant



Said Dardagil, "I know the sign. I fight  
For her, and fall for her, not me, God wot.—  
By moonlit seas, and where she often comes,  
With lights of Venice my beloved in sight,  
That Aelia smiles upon. What more need I?  
"Out upon her," cried his friend, "and wilt thou  
So tamely die for her who used thee so?  
I would that she were dead." Then Dardagil  
Was wroth indeed. "Aye, though I died for her  
An hundred times, an hundredfold am I  
Her knight and slave right thankfully. Doth ev'n  
The lion turn upon the lioness,  
And shall man be less? I charge thee, see  
Thou tell her not my end. Though Aelia's tears  
Were Heaven to me, 'twere hell to have them fall,  
Or know her bosom rose unevenly,  
Even in Heaven. Do this, and only take  
Her silent homage and my mute devoir;  
Then make obeisance low as to the queen,  
And let my love, not grievings and regrets,  
Breathe out itself (if she should ask thee aught)  
In this *last* dying sign."

He raised his rapier  
From the pricked sand, and waited for his foe.

Then bright the four long sword-points glanced, and  
left

The work of death with two.

There's something rare

In that first courtly altercation. Few

The thrusts at first, till Dardagil dropped blood.

This roused him, though at each new touch he  
smiled,

And smiled more sharply. Artim pressed him hard,

Half in disdain ; and but for deadly ire

Had cast the now unskilled opponent off,

That could but break and foil, to bleed and live.

But deadly ire and thirst for triumph strung

His arm ; he pressed to seize the victory.

Gasping he stopped. Dardagil lowered his sword.

The guard was quick renewed in silence.—Thanks

For generous forbearance there were none.

More now in frantic malice Artim fought,

Until at last in miserable spite,

His rival to unnerve, he cried the name

Of Aelia.

“Aelia ! Let her not be named !”

Cried Dardagil, and swift with flashing feint

Pierced Artim through the breast.

The moon glanced pale  
Upon an upturned face, then hid her eyes,  
While Dardagil was hurried to the boats,  
With hollow sound of feet without the voices,  
And silence sailed with them across the sea.  
The wailing night-birds circled over it,  
Strange fogs rose foul and fell from out of it.  
Adrift on ghostly and forlorn lagoons  
The lonely heron watched them, and the birds  
Of reeds and rankest grasses rose in flocks  
Along that shore of idle ebb and ooze ;  
Until they reached the long gray line of land.

Ere in the east the night had bled, the news  
Had gathered tenfold bloodliness, and spread  
To Venice, of its statesman Artim s'ain,  
And his successor would not dry his tears  
(Poor man) until a price on Dardagil  
Was laid. And all the mainland round was searched.

But if his enemy were dead indeed,  
Or if the gentle lady of his love,  
The once capricious Aelia, thought of him  
Still tenderly, he knew not—an exile ;  
Doomed by the rigid finger of the state.

No! no;—no balm now soothed Aelia's despair  
Save healing others' woe. Her golden hair  
She strewed along her shoulders heedlessly,  
Moving through the palace pale and proud.  
Ever with daily tears she spoke his name.  
His name! Maybe the melancholy air  
Might echo where he was, and bid her fly  
To him, to be but near him, and be his.

*One moment, O pause there, and stay,  
Dark clouds girt about the sweet sun,  
You so crowd on him one by one;  
O! my love is craving, and none  
Seem to heed me, mourning away!*

*Stay, stay, weeping waves of the main!  
Sobbing sounds of lovers that mourn!  
The wave that came up with the dawn,  
And broke into smiles, is it gone?  
Is there no returning again?*

*O Summer-day, why with eyes wet  
Wilt close all the sweet lovers' hours?  
'Tis but the month of the shadows and showers,  
Of sweet crescent moons increasing the flowers,  
Canst be for leaving us yet?*







*With a darkness where stars never come  
The sun is eclipsed and accursed,  
And the water that slaketh no thirst  
From Hell's writhing ocean hath burst  
With a fierce fringe of flame in the foam!*

---

Artim wounded, on Lido shore that night  
Bled bitterly ; but even in his trance  
Of faintness, with a gleam of ruling craft,  
Gasped, "Not Venice !" and while his brother's ear  
Was bowed to him, commanded they should bear  
By stealth his body to Murano's isle,  
While solemn obsequies and published *death*  
Of this Venetian crafty councillor  
Brought execration on his rival's head,  
And swift decrees of exile. All was done,  
And hour by hour did Artim in his room  
Of refuge in Murano fight with death.

Death wavered as to which one of the three  
His hand should touch—or Artim on his bed,  
Or Aelia bereft, or Dardagil  
Condemned in exile. Death just poised his shaft  
Between them, swerving heedlessly as though

'Twas hung aloft on the crook'd weathercock  
Of the little Lombard tower of silent old  
Murano's fisher church, while mass was said.  
And hiding, Artim fought the slayer well—  
Fought hand to hand in that small stealthy house,  
And turned him to his purpose. Death drove out  
His foe ; and when nigh spent he'd find a help  
In thoughts of Ælia and her utter woe.

Remote in homeless lands the banished friend  
Of Venice, Ælia's lover, lived within  
Himself ; his body there, his soul across the earth.  
A grief in sleep and waking !—Saw  
The chill gray twilight of that morn he fled  
Across the ghostly and forlorn lagoon  
Where lone the heron watched him, and the birds  
Of reeds and rankest grasses rose in flocks  
Along the shore of idle ebb and ooze ;  
Saw Venice dimly through his tears, as though  
It loomed in rain and fog. And silent oft  
As list'ning unto slips of angels' songs  
That dropped about the earth unheard of men  
Would look as wistful as an afternoon ;  
And seem to strive to catch some spent refrain

Of bygone time, as village children do  
At the dragged wheat-ears in the Autumn lanes  
Where wains have passed.

A sorrow's song he made,  
A song of gleaning when the fields are bare.

*There's the sunlight and the shadows and the changes  
of the day,*

*And my love, my sunlight, now so changed, as sad as  
it was gay ;*

*And my life—'tis but the gleaning of a life that's  
burnt away.*

*Waiting, waiting with the c'ouds, in all the drowsy  
amber sky,*

*The sun comes down to kiss them, in golden-veined  
eternity ;*

*I alone am left, with ships and heavy hours sailing  
by.*

*Gleaning, gleaning, could thy dream but glean one  
thought of mine to-day,*

*One little word, you'd know it, and an angel as they  
say*

*Might leave a chink above the clouds, I'd see through  
far away.*

*So I wait through all the May-time, with its frail air  
full of thee:*

*And flitting hopes like gossamers that seem to float  
to me.*

*And now we glean the faded flowers of fainted ecstasy.*

*Yet 'tis sweet in happy hay-time with the buds all  
waiting near,*

*To wait beneath the willows while the lily cups ap-  
pear;*

*But 'tis hard to wait in Winter time, when a'l is dead  
and drear.*

*When the Autumn dies of weeping, and the gleaming  
tempests blow,*

*Gleaning hopes and latest leaves that fly, and fade  
away and go!*

*Then I look for thee in Heaven; and it sends me  
down the snow!*

We live but where the heart is; following fast  
His songs in fancy, Dardagil no more  
Could hold himself from Aelia;—gave she bliss,  
The block, or oubliettes. . . .

In monkish garb,  
Of dark Dominican, and cowled, he stole







Through Venice : and like steps upon his way,  
The old familiar churches one by one  
He entered, thinking "Here she is, and here—  
Perhaps another's ! and in penitence ;  
Perhaps beneath the stones dead, dead !"

He passed

The steps of shrines groove-worn by kneeling knees,  
Quaint Lombard carvings loved of lovers too  
(For there's a twilight haunts them), till he reached  
A chapel bearing Artim's name. The walls,  
The altar-table, were behung with wreaths,  
Flowers, and *ex-votos* ; one—the centre one—  
From Artim ! this was Artim's chapel !—this  
Artim's thank-offering for life restored !—  
That blazed the exile as a coward's ruse.

While Dardagil stood there in whirling doubt,  
Half fathoming the cunning of the man  
Of craft most fathomless, he heard a voice ;  
Whose rich contralto tones struck him to stone.  
Low wailed the voice, "Sweet Maddalena loved ;  
Dear mother of repenting ! Madeleine !  
Too much, maybe, to see him and be loved ;  
But thou couldst love as none have loved on earth,

And look for love, *but* love, to ransom thee.  
I too have Tintoretto-hair like thee,  
And surely thou wilt hear my wail, when I  
Renounce myself to live in him I love,  
If yet he lives!—if yet he lives! But once  
To lift my lips to his; say, ‘I repent,’  
Say, ‘I am changed—changed wholly by that love  
So high and passing sweet he gave me once’:  
And then, O Maddalena! up to thine,  
With thee and thine to look on him from heaven!  
For I must die. I cannot yield my hand  
To Artim, he that hounds me; and my kin  
Help him, O Maddalena, and he strives,  
And living I am weak, and dying strong,  
And so, sweet Maddalena, let me come!”

Her lover now had sunk upon his knees,  
Thrilled by the voice to ecstasy, and by all  
That bitter wail whose lifted tones unveiled  
Her love; unmanned a space. ’Twas, O so sweet  
To hear; so strange, unhopèd; her presence seemed  
A spirit in the gloom, that spoke with Heaven;  
And awed, he wrapped his head till she might fade  
Like some mute after-rapture of a prayer.—

She rose, and saw the well-knit monk that knelt.  
And lest she should disturb *him*; softly left  
Her wonted altar. Then recovering, he  
Looked up, as from a trance, and there was heard  
Low talk—in which a man's harsh tongue pronounced  
Her lover's name. Great God! 'twas Artim's voice.  
Near stunned, "Aelia!" he cried; flung off his cowl,  
And called her to him, challenged Artim turn;  
On his life to turn! Flew the dim aisle's length,  
Where Artim dragged faint Aelia to the porch.  
'Twas but a flash, before a devil's laugh,  
One shriek, one flicker of a flying veil,  
And then the door with crashing thunder closed.  
When Dardagil was master of himself,  
From all the maddening of that moment past,  
The echoes of the roar that rolled all round  
And round this prison-house were settling high  
In carven roof.

An oriel window shone,  
And set a laughing light upon a tomb.  
He gazed at it right steadfastly. "For there  
The way must be!"

As swift he climbed, he caught  
Now demon's head and ears, now angel's wing,



Now bat-like battling on the wall a space;  
 Now swinging pendent ; daringly at last  
 Scaling the aperture, and straining through,  
 He drew his girdle tight ; and heeding not  
 Or height or depth, he stood erect, and sprang.

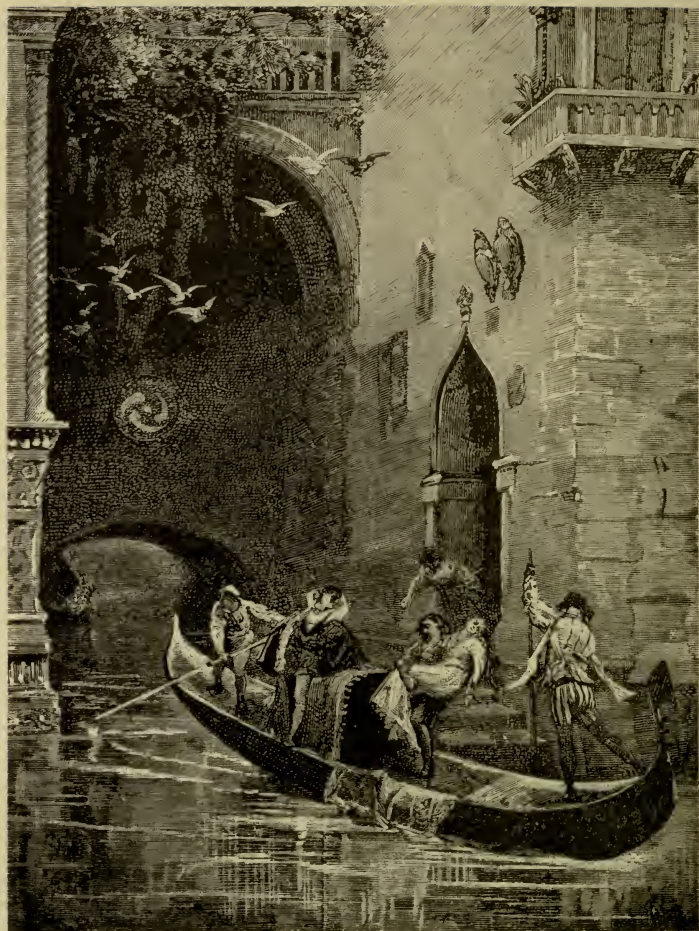
Below him flowed the dark canal.

“ A sword ! ”

He shouted, as from out the heedless tide  
 He lay upon a barcarolo's breast.  
 And picked in haste some men of these and cried,  
 “ A sword, and to Lord Artim's house, and quick ! ”  
 These sons of Venice knew in that monk's garb  
 A gallant of the city. One even sang  
 A song of Dardagil's : “ *Sword, sword.* ” It ran,  
 “ *O sword, be true, and bright and true and swift*  
*For ladies sweet, and hearts, be true as steel.* ”  
 And then the end, all writ that time  
 When he but hoped to meet his love on high.

*Yet our hearts in the land beyond parting  
 Shall meet in the closes of rest,  
 And be laid in the wings of an angel,  
 And beat in the selfsame breas .*





Beneath their oars the barca plunged and flew,  
And on the wave they gave to him the steel  
For prompt affairs. Now nearing, he beheld  
A boat already crouching 'neath an arch  
Of Artim's palace. Then he cried : "Good friends,  
I am that Dardagil, and come to save  
A noble maiden ; see me not outmatched."  
The secret archway's bolts borne down with blows,  
And fighting every inch, and Dardagil  
With reddening sword to lead and cheer them on,  
At last to Artim's chamber burst the men.  
But Aelia had been hidden in the midst  
Of this his palace, vast as ancient fort,  
Immured in some high lodgement that a spring  
Touched light would whirl to unknown depths with all  
Therein. Such outrage to the maiden's kin  
Were naught to one so high in Venice then,  
And he could hold her, while his foe, and dupe,  
Remained outwitted and condemned beneath  
The sentence of the State. But seeing now  
The hated face between him and his prize—  
The face he thought all barred by iron laws—  
Fierce Artim stood aghast. Then they seized him  
In a flash : and Aelia found at last, she flung

Herself on Dardagil's good arm and cried :  
"The traitor is betrayed. Death he may deal.  
But never can he claim me of my friends,  
Who thus dishonours them. We're free to-day,  
O Dardagil, my love ! My saviour now ;  
These palace walls shall hold me not alive."

Artim made one rush—

His last !—held tightly as he was ; his men  
Had fallen, and the barcarolo bent  
To whisper then to Dardagil : "Escape .  
If but he stamp his foot, more minions mount  
From under. Most we've spitted ; let them writhe."

Then Dardagil took Aelia 'neath his sword  
And led her toward the gondolas. "Long life,"  
He laughed. "Long life to you, my brave Seigneur."  
His long bright rapier swinging on his hip,  
"The lady Aelia's palace, as she will,  
Shall be our meeting-place.

The past is writ

In water, but the present writ in blood.  
Your life is much to me, for I love home,  
And you alive, I have a home in Venice."



There's oft one ray that dances on a wall,  
Of sunny wavelets born upon the deep  
Canal where'er 'tis kissed by vagrant airs  
Or gondola or barca swaying on.  
And idle boatmen watch it, maidens too,  
And children laugh at it, and mothers oft  
Will show it to their sucklings till they crow.  
It quivers up bright Aelia's balcony,  
Fantastic as a spirit, aye, the sprite  
Of human joy that makes the favouring sky  
To beam on circumstance: O waters sweet  
Of lovers' dreams! And still the heart of love  
Than sea-wave deeper is, and than sunlight  
Even brighter is, nor has its ecstasy  
One word of speech. But every sunlit wave  
In Venice seems to send a leaping beam  
To quiver up the balcony to them  
And bliss sailed in with it upon the wind  
Without one cloud to carry all across  
The Lombard sky, and both were mute, too blest  
For words to whisper e'en each other's names.  
Aelia and Dardagil and western sky  
Sinking like the very raptured silent sun  
Itself in closing Heavens, heart in heart,  
Rapt hand in hand, eyes trembling up to eyes.

## AT THE EMBASSY.

*Paris.*

Of all the Paris season's gayest balls, the Embassy was the most superbly brilliant last night. Below, the waltzes, youth, age, dullness, wit, love, bliss and anguish, seemed speaking all their different languages, in every tongue. Near a tottering diplomat and an intriguing ancient Duchess, stood a lovely young girl with a distinguished-looking man, somewhat her elder, evidently of a different nationality. They were beneath the tall domes of the conservatory, just where the sumptuous glow and music came faintly 'neath the still stately tropic leaves. She seemed rooted there, with all her love in her half-closed lips, like some twining-plant with a thousand sweet buds waiting but one warm May morning to burst into bloom and turn that longed-for dawn into a thousand petaled rays and hues.—He had come there at last with strength enough to tell her they never more must meet. Kinder for these two were the chilliest northern blast than this soft searching music, for they had each in different directions glided on the fatal highroad of love, whence is no return: that long pathway that crumbles away behind the steps of all who travel it.—It was coming, that fearful farewell to lips which never should have met, and shall meet no more save on the trackway to Heaven that is beat by the feet of the dead.

It was the last ball there—

Au Ministère des Affaires Etrangères !

They were near to a serre,

Où sait si bien les faire,

Il faisait bon in the laden air.

Auburn—more than auburn was her hair.

Nothing is more loving than the entreaty of her gaze,  
No lily on a tendril more tender than her grace,  
Than he, no one more stricken, such a sadness on his  
face.

They silently lingered together  
Until the waltz began,  
Then won by the ways of the measure  
Thus a whisper ran.

You know not what you're asking, O saintly little  
maid,  
Innocent and beautiful indeed !  
They know not what they're asking, those longing  
hazel eyes ;  
All that a glance in a glance can read—  
The idyll of a soul in a sweet parenthesis.

I envy the confusion of your heart's convulsive thrill,  
Sa tendresse qui tressaille—its deep, its mute reproach.  
I'd gladly weep with tears like yours because *I* can't  
reveal  
A secret like your secret, that so throbs at my ap-  
proach,  
And covet even more than you the love I cannot feel.

You say you'd pardon all my faults, your love would  
never swerve.

O white soul swimming swan-like on the stream of  
destiny,

That sings so sweet, yet only feels its voice that it  
may die,

Vous préchez un converti.— Yes! a life without a love  
Is like a magic lantern without a light to me.

But the curse my kiss would give you would be worse  
than you can think.

Thrilled like water in a vase wherein we drop a drop  
of ink.

Aye, *your* love breathes like Springtide on the full  
redundant lands,

And when we watch the wild flowers in little chil-  
dren's hands.

*Mine* but shames the shabby Winter ; with each new  
life it gives,

Like a land of little Summer in the sun without the  
leaves.

There waits a cruel woman near to whom *my* being  
clings,

With a gorgeous Eastern beauty : with arms that  
spread like wings,







In which I fly to endless realms that live but in my  
brain—

To heavens full of emptiness I search and search  
again !

You—you long to give me life, and yet, I breathe  
but in her gaze,

And she battens my ambition on the leaven of her  
praise ;

I clamber at a will-o'-the-wisp like squirrels in a cage.  
I've a habit now of loving her—un fatal sortilège.

Ses moindres petits riens si beaux ; my own eyes  
plead for her,

And make me think her charming ruse, la haute école  
du cœur.

I've sold her all my footsteps, and the secret of her  
spell

She closes with her eyelids, and surrounds it with  
her smile.

Même mon salut éternel at her proud feet is lain,  
I know 'tis but Eternity can give it back again.

Sweet poisons scent her ambient tress, her sighs, her  
witching web,

And the flood whirls on the flow'rs till they're stranded  
at the ebb—

No ! lift no eyes that speak so much ! asking up to  
me,  
Who would not dare to kiss your hand e'en on bended  
knee ;  
But I wring *my* hands and look to you, like sinners  
out of Hell,  
For you've raised my soul sufficiently to say to you—  
farewell !

---

## A WARM NOVEMBER DAY.

*Tuilleries Gardens.*

AYE ! when it is fine in November,  
All Summer seems coming again,  
And the lips that we love and remember  
Seem to kiss us for joy—and for pain.  
  
But pain, O, sweet with emotion,  
And sunshine so brimful of words,  
It could give the wild waves of mid-ocean,  
The voice in the breasts of the birds  
  
Aye ! when it is bright in November,  
I see thee, adore thee,—with pain ;  
Like the sun that alights on an ember,  
And burns it to glory again.







For thine will the first of all faces,  
To come in the manifold years,  
Like the flowers that bloom in the places  
That angels have watered with tears.

---

## FAIR AMSTEL.

*The River of Amsterdam.*

SWEET Amstel though I sing, the song is thine,  
For I but give thee back thine own words hid  
Within thy bosom, while with queenly pace  
And pause, like some fair vestal's footstep slow,  
Thou near'st the sea thy sons have swayed so long.  
A babbling brooklet on the lee makes more  
Ado than thou on whose broad breast, as kind  
As sleep in gentle Summer air, have passed  
The riches of the East, and sea-gulls rest  
Their weary wings with me, a wanderer too.  
Thy lands taught Peter to be Great, and all  
Thy people courtesy. In sooth thy tongue  
Seems tuned alone to tell the idyll fair  
That surely sits on every maiden's brow,  
As on thy fields the raiment of content.

Aye : let none other call the cattle home;  
 But make "Je maintiendrai," "J'ai maintenu !"  
 And that shall tell the Teuton and the Gaul  
 In accents bold well earned in wars. That e'en  
 In peace you still invade the very sea,  
 And bid the Ocean pause ! . . And yet although  
 In Chatham with your sword you thrust us far  
 More deep than all ; now, that regained, I swear  
 Within our hearts you pierce us deeper still  
 With all your winning ways.

---

## A LOST SOUL.

*So long ago we do not know,  
 But either he or she died unshriven.*

WHAT matters it that one life be lost ?  
 That overcast with tears,  
     And tempest-tost  
 It fall, through endless years,  
     And flicker out and die,  
 Like one more day from out the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*





What matters it?

    If one great grief

    Or sweet belief,

Remorseless shatters it,

Relentless scatters it

    Vertiginous through space.

    And there, with its wrecked sweet face

Cast down, like some drooped rose,

Fleeter than April rain it goes,

Painfully its dead blush veiling,

    Through the endless spheres 'tis sailing,

    Down from its high, bright pedestal in air

To unvoiced depths of great despair.

    What matters it?

Yet *doth* it fade without one word

Said aloud, like some pink cloud

    From out the fair

Unfurrowed face of Heaven

Some still even,—

    And leaving there,

No ! naught recorded ?—

Naught save the unclouded,

    Unfurrowed face of Heaven,

    Just as even

    And as fair.



No spell broken,  
No weird token,  
Strange and mute and faint and undefined,  
To the wordless reapers of the wind,  
Speaking o'er earth of her. Forgot.  
In some strange tongue earth knoweth not  
None here praying  
Or interceding :  
On earth to others pleading,  
By just saying :  
"You never knew,  
The devil tempt you :  
Placing eternity  
Slyly and furtively,  
Like a watching cheat,  
Against some sweet infirmity,  
Twixt pace and pause of your unwayward  
feet."

Naught on the fair unfurrowed face of Heaven,  
Or dome on dome encircling into space, that even.—  
Deep in the eternal mystery  
Of the endless air.  
Far and farther, filmier and more fair ;





Nothing written there,  
Not even one lightning thrill or momentary  
spot ;  
While the Past saith to the Is to be :  
"It matters not ! . . . It matters not !"

---

# ANDREVUOLA.

. . . . "And thus, Alastair, severed from Andrevuola, his love, wandered westward, grieving ever, and crossed the ocean, and one calm Autumn morning reached Niagara. Through the wistful stillness now all the past came back." . . . .

*Part of a tale improvised by the author for  
Lord Beaconsfield.*

I KNOW ;—thou'rt Autumn ; silent,—still,  
But O too full of songs that fill  
My soul with sighs, and make me hear  
Sweet words said earlier in the year.  
I thrill with pain, yet *seek* one dear  
Lost loved low voice. And gone hands near  
My yearning hands, with one more tear  
Our Summer knew not, ling'ring here,  
One foot on earth and one on High,  
To kiss a long, long, last good-by,  
And smile across the hemisphere.

I kept thee from me till to-day ;  
And hid my love and pain !—But each ray  
To-day hath such a wistful glow,  
The half-dead flowers do not know



If they're to fade, or once more blow.

And O my heart *will* overflow,

And beats the cruel bars ! Although

Sometimes,—I thought thou wert—who knows?—

As hollow-bosomed as a rose,

But what of that ? I loved thee so !

And I *do* hope that where thou art,

No day like this will rouse thy heart,—

Because to-day on land and lee,

The cricket trilleth, and the bee

Goes once more forth ; and leaf and tree

Wave once again, and they and we

Hold out our arms, and long to see

Some far-off land that is to be.

And all whose sorrows sleep will wake

And feel their hearts must speak or break,

And this will make thee think of me.

I kept thee from me till to-day,

But now 'tis bright as 'twas in May :

And surely once my heart and I

May speak out once ; with one wild cry.

Of all its tears, ere the day go by,

Just cherish one, till we know why



The earth hath speech, and stars on high  
Look down on us so mournfully.

The whole wide world would love to-day !  
We think the thoughts no words can say,  
No wind in Heaven drive away,  
And think how far from thee am I.

I kept thee from me !—and to-day  
Just one sweet morn will come and say :  
“Not all Niagara with its roar  
Can still my heart. My love ! no more  
Than seas can part us, though they tore  
The earth in twain.” Though I implore  
My soul to stay, ’tween shore and shore  
’Twill waver till it wanders o’er.

For my love’s secret hymn lies furled  
In each dead leaf o’er all the world !—  
And I shall see thee never more !

What dost thou mean, thou “Never more” ?  
Dost mean, that we from shore to shore  
In myriad worlds we see in dreams  
Shall float, and seek, and find no gleams  
Of hope ? No sight of her who seems  
On earth our only life ? That streams

Shall pass to rivers in the beams  
Of future suns in wild extremes,  
Of utmost azure, there to greet  
An endless sea?—But to thy feet  
That I shall come, no nevermore?

That not in all the countless years,  
In the fastnesses of future spheres  
Our souls shall touch? Like some great bell  
Whose sound is tolled,—'tis done! Not hell  
Nor Heaven shall hear again. None tell  
The words that far too sweetly fell  
Upon our ears, and said too well  
The love they sealed in one farewell.

And not in all the endless space,  
My face shall ever meet thy face,  
Nor pass the place where it shall dwell.

That all our love shall be as naught . . . .

My brain goes reeling with the thought!—  
In mighty, far-off, filmy skies,  
Fair clouds will roll ;—and red suns rise  
To glow new morns, whose radiant eyes  
Will melt at eve. Sweet majesties  
And angels in grand galaxy

Will crowd the seventh Paradise.

And no great tide, no heavenly sea,

Will ever float thee near to me,

Through all the vast eternities !!

---

UNE FÊTE SANS ELLE.

À LA DUCHESS DE V——.

HIER soir chez un seigneur tout Paris en nombre  
 Fut réuni par lui pour un joyeux repas ;  
 Mais moi je vous cherchais, me refoulant dans l'ombre.  
 Car je *sentais* bientôt que vous n'en étiez pas.

Oui. d'autres ont aussi les couleurs de l'aurore,  
 Un sourire enchanteur, un rayon triste et doux :  
 Vous avez tout cela ; mais vous avez encore  
 Un charme plus puissant qui n'appartient qu'à  
 vous.

Vous avez cette grâce, d'un naïf ineffable,  
 Et que possède seul le parfum d'une fleur.  
 Votre regard est doux, et sa puissance aimable  
 Dévoile les trésors que cache votre cœur.



Ah ! que n'étiez-vous là, quand j'errais en délire  
Et que mon âme, hélas ! épuisait sa douleur !  
Mais vous ne savez pas jusqu'où va votre empire :  
J'ai peur de mon amour, j'ai peur de vous—  
J'ai peur !

\* \* \* \* \*

Car il suffit pour me désarmer  
D'un seul baiser de tes lèvres en flamme,  
Ton âme a pris toute mon âme  
Je t'aime et ne veux que t'aimer.

# THE CHOICE OF ARMS.

BIARRITZ.

*The choice of arms is given to the one insulted or injured.*  
COLONNA.

*A Paraphrased Sketch of a Poem, originally written in French by  
the Author for Recitation.*

*I stand before the judgment throne of Heaven,  
'Mid rays of angels glowed in strange white light  
Beyond. Erect, and fearing less, O God,  
Thy wrath than Thy great love! I tell the tale  
Beneath its record held 'tween Heavenly wings.*

\* \* \* \* \*

They told me Maud, my Love, my Maud, was false.  
I thought it *once*; since Love and Fear are twins:  
And yet one word from her, one soft pained look  
On my transcendent agony healed all.  
It is so sweet to trust the lips we love.

But I met *him* who wrought the ill. His eyes  
Met mine. He knew their tiger's turn;  
Saw me impelled towards him sideways like a cat,  
And squared his well-knit frame right skillfully

To stop my hand. It would have bitten tight,  
And held like leopard's teeth.—I stopped my rush !  
Near fell in staying it ! held by the thought  
That Maud's fair name and fame must not flash out  
Between our meeting swords. He also saw  
I would have hurled him from the jetty there,  
And gone with him straight down and through the  
sea

That raved like burning fringe of hell. Aye ! on  
To hell itself, till there my claw burned off  
His throat. But then he knew, before the world,  
I *must* find pretext foreign to her name.  
This saved him. Then he planned it quick. . . We both  
Were skilled in arms, but he, renowned for fence,  
Well knew, *l'arme blanche* was rarely to my hand  
Of late. So when the pretext came, too soon  
For thought, and stung my strained and pregnant  
skin ;

Out flew my blow and down he went, and thus  
Made me aggressor, leaving him to choose  
For swords, and though he knew me wounded twice  
With these, and knew my prior cause to make  
Demur, he felt that I would fight this night  
With earthquakes like the gods, or throw the dice

For my own mother's soul. And so he gained  
And chose, though he first having wrought the ill  
About her name, the choice of arms by right  
Was mine.

Well ! He was first upon the ground.  
Stalwart, fierce, and pale, in the uncanny light  
Of dawn. No sweet and heavy southern sun  
Peeped sily t'ward the glamoured crescent faint  
In Eastern spheres ; but he stood like some great ghost,  
The youth all faded from his face as hath  
The green from Autumn leaves.

The night below  
Rolled sulkily away, ashamed to shew  
Such sodden sky with one red stain across  
For morning.

Ominously I felt the knife,  
With which my second clipped my shirt-sleeve round,  
Had slipped and cut my arm. And so I held  
My rapier crosswise just a moment up  
Against the storm cloud couchant in the wind  
Before we made salute. I knew full well  
His steel's strong clink meant more than skill, but  
dared  
The death. I liked the weighting of my blade.

And taste the breath of the affected calm  
Of that first courtly altercation.

When each man measures each, and but an inch  
Would end the pointed courtesy. His choice  
Was right, and nerved his arm. A good square foot  
*Must* measure all my fleury's deviation  
For my guard ; till "*feinte en tierce dégagement leste*  
*En quarte*" might give me *one* small chance for life.

Straight for my heart he went. At each riposte  
He pressed me harder still. I still fought on,  
Although he saw how spent I grew. So faint  
Each fresh assault her face came in a dream.—  
Crash burst the thunder and the flash. And rain  
And tears almost seemed mixed with drops which  
streamed

From both our brows. Straining, though all but killed,  
And harder pressed : I seemed to draw in dreams  
Her features fair with each cramped guard against  
The insolence of that white tongue of fire,  
That ever darted at my face and breast  
As though the devil laughed above the storm.

At last a pause.—'Twas well : for my breath passed  
At most my throat. "On guard !" Again. This time



On guard for death. In the storm's dim wicked light  
I swear his sword clapt mine before the word.

'Twas worse than foul, his "*coup de temps*"

Too swift ! So faint was I that in a flash

They saw his point appear right through my shirt.

"He's killed !" they cried. "Aye ! killed be damned !"

cried I :

And quick ;—full four feet back ; before my foe

Recovered half a span (for he had missed) :

With "*feinte en tierce dégagement vite en quarte*,"

With crash and flash as though all Heaven fell,

I felt my rapier pierce that traitor wrist

And iron arm, and shoulder-blade. And flung

It to the earth. "Saved, saved !" my second cried,

"*En quarte basse !*" \*

Yes, saved ! And now they say,

He's dying, may be dead.—More blest than I

He lies all shriven in his chambers grand,

Alight with mystic flames of gentle rite

About his head. The anthem for his soul

---

\* The words "*En quarte basse*," which are, perhaps, too technical for recitation, may be changed to the words "And crossed the ground" for those amongst an audience who are not adepts in fencing.



All faintly floating round. And she who loves  
The well-knit Count forgives him all his faults,  
I too ; except his rest, and that he fenced  
So ill—he missed my heart : For I am sick  
Of all the gaping world's afflictive crew,  
And sooner far were on that road to rest  
With her I love to smooth my closing eyes.

*DURANTE LA VALSA.**(Andante.)*

O STRIVE to keep silent, my breaking heart,  
 And keep back your tears if you can ;  
 She will see, as we dance and we laugh, that thou art  
 But the pulse of a dying man.  
 My spirit, my soul, O let her not see,  
 Are hung in a look, in a sound—  
 That her silvery smiles are passing through me  
 Near by as she gives them around.

Yet maybe she knows  
 My heart was the rose  
 That now in her bosom is lain :  
 Each scent that it gives  
 Is a life in its leaves,  
 That never will open again.

She'll hear all my words you murmur so low  
O monodies maddening sweet ;  
I shall faint with her form in my arms as ye flow,  
And die of my love at her feet.  
Yes, die with my love untold on my lips,  
Yet press her but once to my breast,  
In the light and perfume, till the melody steeps  
My life in its languorous rest.

For she knows, she knows  
My heart was the rose  
She chose from the tree to be slain.  
Each breath it receives  
Is a death in its leaves,  
That never will blossom again.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Diminuendo.)

She knows that my heart's last fibres  
In her gaze are giving way,  
Like the pent-up soul of Winter  
At the trembling breath of May ;  
Like the sicklied hue of heaven  
At the kindling kiss of day.

## THREE MARBLE STEPS.

*Come d'autunno si levan le  
foglie,  
L'una appresso dell'altra, infin  
che l'ramo,  
Rende alla terra tutte sue  
spoglie.*

DANTE.

IF they should come to thee, those gentler tears

Our memory holds to keep the old days green,  
And our first kisses, through the empty years,—  
Remember when these lips are dead,  
Full tenfold more than the love they said,  
Burned in the heart that fed and died

On the gentle sweet curse they placed therein.  
There's one wish left of the threnody  
And tender dream-like devilry.  
A wish—a weird travail of bitterest woe.  
That near one door of the palace, where thou  
And the courtiers' ladies often would come,  
Should be three marble steps. And that I,  
All shriven for rest, aye rest ! as I lie,  
With my songs for pillow, might know my form



By that Eastern avatar after death,  
Would change into them, as I sleep beneath.—  
Sweet death can much that life cannot,  
And thou would'st be often there near the spot .  
And I would be,  
Three marble steps, just made for thee.

Three marble steps in the morning light :  
The first the pale rose of pink roses .  
And one as pale as the flight  
Of the rose from the brow of a maiden  
At touch of love, and as white.  
And one as pure as the passionate  
Azure and pearl of the night.

Three marble steps, there in my own r'rance,  
In that mignon palace where that shattered lance  
Which you and I remember is ranged among the  
rest,  
His who rode so proudly for that favour in his  
crest.

Three marble steps for love ;  
Like love, too sweet and smooth above  
For the bitter hid below ;

Just placed where you, half dreaming still  
From having slept,  
Might stray toward the terrace at your will :  
And though you stept  
As light as leaves in Valombrosa, I should know  
Whene'er the little feet would come and go,  
Or pause in flitting to and fro.

Three marble steps. And I would be  
Between the north towers' majesty  
And the grand terrace, placed just where  
The peacocks come above the lawn,  
Where the knights come courting the ladies there,  
And the black thrush trims his wing at dawn.  
I too would wake beneath the sweet  
Soft sound of a rondel of Vacluse,  
And gentle press of the dainty feet,  
That fretfully patter their dainty shoes.

Three marble steps : where the noon all gay,  
With the butterfly's phantom shadow would play,  
On the broad warm beam of a midsummer's day.  
And where, perchance, if a flower should grow,  
They might heed it not, but leave it to blow

Just for a season, until in the snow

The three marble steps in the drift and sleet  
Are chilled in the chime of a New Year's eve

With the lovers so long in taking their leave,

That they cover my heart with the prints of their  
feet.

Three marble steps. With the golden day  
Faint in the breath of the vespers ; floating away,  
'Mid avés and hymns and the blest

Hid bells of anthems : filling the air  
With a fugitive music, the songs that give rest :  
With the pulse of life lulling its throb with prayer.

Three marble steps later, with night in the spell,  
Lagging in cloudland, pausing in air,  
Weaving white webs in her chariot wheel,  
And telling her stories to listeners there.  
Thou, too, at thy threshold might enter not  
But linger there likewise—hallow the spot  
Where the moonlight could trace thee my form  
as I lie

At thy feet : with my soul drawn down from the sky,  
Or in dew across fairy lawns tree unto tree  
Could weave my dead spirit in silver for thee.

Aye, then I could feel—I know I could feel—

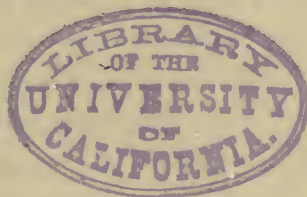
Your white fingers coming ; should they once steal

Toward my dead heart that would quicken and  
glow,

Should you bend down to the three marble steps,

And take your dear name from off my white lips,

And write it for once on my brow.



## DAILY BREAD.

*Panem nostrum superstantialem da nobis hodie.*

ST. JEROME.

AND thus do many to live and eat,  
 Men garnering crime, as we gather in wheat.  
 They clamour to kiss the foulest of feet,  
 They have made their shirts of a dead man's sheet,  
     And slandered the corpse as they fled.  
 Flourished their pharisee's canting and cry,  
 Fattened with priests on the God they belie,  
 Fawned to the vice of the rich or the high,  
 Foisted their daughters on whoso will buy,  
     And gained but a bare daily bread.

A woman dead??—With the law for the poor?  
 What, stiffened and propped up against the door?  
 Her eyes on the infant her head hangs o'er?  
 The stain of her tears on its pinafore?  
     Her arms still clinging,—dead?

Has fervid mauve and rich crisp lawn  
 Passed and passed, and not heard her moan



For grief's bare durance, food alone ?

O, food to give her little one !

A mother's cry for bread !

Mines of misery lie untold

Of withered souls whose sighs were gold,

Who sang of love and died of cold

With rich-clothed thoughts ; whose clothing told

The dirge of hunger's dread :

Whose inspiration's brightest heat,

And soaring dreams that sang so sweet,

Like wounded birds dropped down to greet

Grim fears of having bread to eat —

O ! horrid daily bread !

Yet songs in proud enchanting strain

Still upward rise from beds of pain,

And cruel jests, against the grain,

Like drunken grief that reels again.

Can grim grotesque exceed

The painter rising from his dream

Of fruitful vale, and laughing stream,

Whose brush would now revive some gleam

Of boyhood's dawn—without a beam

Of hope for daily bread ?

A blackness shrouds the flood, the bark,  
And all the frozen city stark,  
While voiceless steps infest the dark,  
Hail ! now start up in bed, and hark !

That angry stealthy tread !  
The phantom "Want," whose touch is blight,  
She stalks the cursèd streets to-night,  
And claps her wings in haggard fright,  
And shrieks, with all her hoarded might,  
A haunting cry for bread !

Who passes on the midnight tide ? \*  
That seems with gloaming ghosts allied,  
And peers through fog, as though he spied  
For one that doth too deeply hide ?  
The fisher of the dead !

Too often is his labour crowned :  
All night for bread they're found and drowned  
With bread, and Death his boat swings round,  
His children yearn for corpses owned :  
For they are "daily bread."

*\* Charles Dickens frequently refers to this ghastly calling of seeking by night on the Thames for the river's dead.*

Near! in the gas, lost women crowd,  
With reeking jokes and laughter loud.  
Leaping and dancing on the shroud  
That Death is spreading sly and proud,  
Beneath the loathsome bed.

Aye! drug the cup that else would craze,  
The fulsome breath, the poisoned praise,  
The sickening kiss of him who pays  
Then Hell itself unveils and says,  
Ha! ha! I'm daily bread!!

*A DREAM-PICTURE.*

I LIVED with my love in the cities that lie  
In a cloud above all these clouds in the sky.  
In a dream above all our dreams. Melody  
And God's unseen banners, with their Eastern dye,  
Sank round great hanging domes ; till veined porphyry  
Was opal with dawn in these fields on high,  
Where the flowers were souls of old songs gone by.  
And hung like the lilies in lakes, just below,  
The crescent moon passed, and the stars seemed to flow  
To a music of kisses—kisses whose power  
Shall make all Eternity in love with an hour.  
And we sat with the white palace portals ajar,  
And as thence I looked forth I could see so far—  
For ever and for ever !

*ASPETTANDO.\**

SOSPIRANDO ; chieggo invano

Fra i mortali il bene amato :

Mel rapiva ingiusto fato

Ai trasporti dell' amor.

Ed ahimè, son sempre solo,

Langue l'alma, e piange il cor ! . . .

Aspettando vien l'Autunno

Ed il crudo verno appresso :

Ahi ! dal duol trafitto, oppresso,

Resto al pianto in abandon—

E piangendo il tempo vola,

Non ritorna ; e mesta io son !

---

\*No. 6 of the Series for Music.



*DRIFTING.*

*“Les souvenirs sont écrits dans les mers, et  
la marée basse les emporte au diable.*

I READ once some song, writ in a boat, in marvellous  
Soft air of Naples. Sweet from some heart, right  
glorious,  
Tuned by the gentle grape-flower time, when in loving  
Spring  
E'en heaven and earth touch lips for very joy, and sing.  
I am nearly sure they naively called their sweet strain,  
“Drifting.”  
They were four, I think, for some half-day their eyes  
uplifting  
T'ward too sweet Naples' skies, with Ischia and the  
bay  
And Capri:—capable to hold them half a day.  
They were sweet singers who had left their wonted  
thrift,  
And for one noon maybe they thought they *were*  
adrift,

Aye, one would think—to hear them apostrophize their  
jaunt,

They drifted ever, from Hades to the Hellespont;  
Although they know the waves that rock them, gently  
flowing,

Will take them quite exactly where they know they're  
going.

And they have also learnt the sea's depth under them  
as well,

While wantonly they "Dip their reckless hands within  
the swell."

Aye; even better than Vesuvian boatmen they know  
The specific gravity of that near-by volcano;  
Until, with mellowing shadows, these gentle dilettanti  
Grow quite *anticii* with lagrima and chianti.

Yes! Sail on; your hands within the swell, one day,  
And call it "Drifting." Ah! you know not what you  
say.

You take the first, first fragile boat,  
And drift: drift rudderless; afloat  
On life's mad boiling river,  
Be it Styx or Guadalquivir.  
Drift first wildly, in the fashion



Of youth's imperious passion.  
Heedless, as the fairies of the golden bough.  
Blind ; with unsung songs fretting heart and  
brow,  
Now coursing careless and intrepid  
Some chaotic, whirling rapid,—  
And floating now through blossomed intimate sweet  
closes,  
With the spikenard, sendaline, terebinth, and roses,  
All catching perfumes to-and-fro beneath the trailing  
trees,  
Frail and fragrant on the fluctuant fluting of the  
breeze ;  
With that sweet queen of the silver bow.—Drifting  
through the place,  
While the blooms are falling gently on your lips and  
face :  
Until some tide hath caught you, and an Ocean  
Spreads before you. Then, heedless if the motion  
Be held by hands of Heaven or Hell,  
You dip your passioned *lips* into the swell.  
Dead, from having lived a lifetime in an hour.  
The palace of some glorious error.  
Drinking the waves with their hard bitter power,

Till seas well up whose nectar is of tears ;  
 Evil and of unquenched thirst, through endless years.  
 Then still drift—knowing you are lost from *having*  
 drifted.

Lost maybe the easier from being over gifted.

Drowning and drifting because heaven's blue

Hath over much inebriated you.

Living and loving while all through the soul of France  
 Christ and Sappho and Polichinelle wildly lead the  
 dance.

And even *there*,—true to some Quixotic unsaid vow  
 grown old

And useless as the poppies in the field, that hold  
 Their heads up by the will of God and light of  
 heaven alone,

You feel your soul filled with the daring that would  
 bid the sun

To pause, and grasp the vast charged pendulum of  
 the universe

And bid it stay.—Then having drank all,—all the per-  
 fumed curse,

You drift alone, with troughs of sea high round your  
 little boat,

And claws of twenty winds all catching at your throat.

Only your own strong arm against the storm-built  
cloud,

Yet sending up a glance as lurid and as proud  
As Heaven to Earth. Enchanted with the thrall,  
As dark as Hecate's bosom, and o'er it all  
E'en Lesbos' air grown salt and angry, as 'twould  
divide

Thetis again, and whirl her God once more beyond the  
tide.

Saying of prudence, We forget it,  
If it lead us to perdition, let it.

Drift! And whate'er there be to win, disdain it,  
And all of safe and sleek reward; disclaim it.  
Drawn past Charybdis—on to Naxos where Ariadne  
wailing,

Should have wrecked the heart of earth. There hail-  
ing

The soul of Musset or Theocritus, and all the lost.  
And even then, nigh drowned and tempest tost,  
And wrecked and wracked, and having learnt no tamer  
thought,

Nor worldly lesson it should have taught.

You have kept your unchained spirit all this while  
So gentle that— Stay! One woman's smile



Would send you seeking once again the pure no-  
blesse

That crowns at last the too great flow of wild ivresse,  
Seeking like heedless knights the grief that kills some  
other,

The childless father of the orphan, sorrow's brother,  
And with some long sacrifice uncomplaining,  
Gently, proudly, mutely training

Your heart t'ward homelier tides, and by this 'haviour,  
Striving to near the best of all the lost—the Saviour;  
Knowing—having dipped your hands into the swell,  
That though the whole great sea rushed up and fell

In one great wave upon you from above,  
It could not wreck you half so deep as love;  
That path all paved with cruel crimson prints of  
piteous feet,  
Which fire burns behind you, hissing with the gall of  
things too sweet.

And so drift on, my soul, and quaff

Whate'er shall fill thy chalice, as a sacrament,  
Till planets crash, and earth, and half  
The stars, shall drift beyond the firmament.

*A DREAM IS PASSING.**For Music.*

A dream is passing,

Passing, passing—

Whither away?

O bend your head, and veil the sigh

That floats in your breath as it passeth by.

Passing, passing—

Whither away?

My love lies still in a morning beam,

That passes the garden shade and her dream.

Passing, passing—

Whither away?

I hid me near in the trailing trees,

For wooing her dream from the wayward breeze.

Passing, passing—

Whither away?

It came to me once in an under-breath ;  
But left me, and laid me alone with death.

Passing, passing—

Whither away ?

The angels slept in the purple clouds,  
That go on their journeys in joyful crowds

Passing, passing—

Whither away ?

They hailed it nearing them there above,  
And they took it to heart, for its name is Love:

Passing, passing—

Whither away ?

Pale sits the lily, and on her brow the light  
The queen wears 'neath the silver bow of night.

Pale sits the lily, and reads in dreams maybe,  
The holy page the night hides of her lore  
Among her robes, and lives on earth no more,  
Than doth the light of some soft melody,  
Or star that seeketh foothold in the sea.

Like a bride that peereth through the light of earth,  
To find some gentle dwelling-place of love,  
She seems ever passing white realms far above  
This dim light of the lily-bud at birth,  
Burning high and burning low upon the earth.



## VIOLETS IN LONDON STREETS.

*Quid non cernit amor !  
Quid non vestigat amator !*

BEROALD.

NESTLING in the hedges shade

They grew,

Just where on the green 'tis laid,

A few,

They'd fill the air about the stile,

And hide,

And wanderers lingered there awhile

And sighed.

\* \* \* \* \*

All hustled in the market-place,

Bleak the morn

The widow brought them, with a face

Wan and woe

The passers crowd the homeless town

Indifferent.

*She* never smelt them ; up and down

The widow went.

Round lover's heart all flowers steal,  
Aye ! they know how,  
So often they are sent to tell  
Their tales of woe.

A lover blind as lovers are  
In shadow-lands,  
Had eyes to see the flowers there.—  
With tiny hands  
Her child held up the widow's ware.  
The lover paid her well,  
And struggling through her face of care  
Came such a wistful smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some angel in a wandering mood  
Had dropped the seed that grew,  
To bring the little children food,  
And your love's thoughts to you.

*AN IMPROMPTU.**After the Ball.*

SHE gave me a piece of her mignonette,

The mignonette,

Her mignonette.

Perhaps 'twas to tell me I must forget—

Perhaps that although we had hardly met,

Yes, hardly met,

Aye, hardly met,

That she knew how sorrow and grief and care

Lay deep underneath my worldly air.

That she knew,

Aye, she knew

My heart was as gentle and tender and true

As her glance that had looked it through and through.

But whatever it was, my eyes are wet







As I sit alone ; and the mignonette  
Is here in my hand, and it seems as though  
Some angel had held in her hand just now

The only one flower I'd like to wave

Among the long grasses over my grave,  
For the lovers to pluck as a talisman sure,  
Since once it had lain in her hand as pure

As the fatally sweet mignonette.

There's a "Language of Flowers" surely true as it  
flows

With its burden of love. For 'twere sin, God knows,  
To be placing a lie in the lips of a rose.

But there's never a seer who could understand

The rapt world of meanings or sweet command

In a flower hid in a maiden's hand,

That you take when you clasp it to say good-night,  
With the smallest press, and a searching light

Hung in her eyes like the silver flight

Of a falling star in an azure sky,

And with nothing said, not even a sigh,

And only the faintest, faintest good-by—

And the silently sweet mignonette.

## ELLE DIT "NON."

*Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellat.*

JUVENAL.

IL faut pourtant qu'un jour

Mes bras ton cœur enlacent,

Et que de mon amour

Les doux transports t'embrassent

Mon être entier frémit

Près de la bien-aimée.

Et tout en moi gémit

Quand elle est éloignée.

J'ai faim d'un seul baiser,

Bien que mes yeux devorent.

Sans jamais se lasser,

Tes lèvres qu'ils adorent.

Mais j'attends que tes yeux en flamme

Parlent à mon cœur ébloui

De l'amour qui brûle en ton âme.

Ou ce "Non !" est un "Non" qui dit :

"Oui !"

## A CRY OF LOVE.\*

*"Et la jeune Princesse, pour résister à son amour fatal, s'enfuit se cachant au Couvent de Sorrento."*

—Grandes Chroniques de France.

I CRIED to Love, "O go away !"  
 And then one little sunny ray  
 Set all my dreams to joy again ;  
 I love the more the more the pain,  
 And when it seems 'twould go away,  
 I strain it nearer still to stay.

A hundred times, "O go," I say,  
 And in the cloister fall and pray ;  
 But in my sleep some old refrain  
 Gets tangled in my life again,  
 That when I wake with tears I know  
 I cannot, cannot let thee go !

---

*\*Set to music by the Author. Published by Brentano, New York.*







Love seems too great for earth ; the strife  
Is worse than death, and more than life.  
Arise ! for Love comes by, and pain  
Is spangled on his wings and train.  
He touches earth, to *live* on high ;  
“ O kiss me once and let me die ! ”

*THE SONG THEY LEFT ON THE TERRACE.*

SHE is more loved than my heart's first love,  
For there never was one as this is ;  
Her breath is the swerve of a long lemon grove,  
And her mouth is the gateway of kisses ;  
Cold lips are mute and pulses flush,  
When my arm round her loveliness closes ;  
The scent of her hair is the soft-spoken air  
That has opened the lingering roses.

The night moved with us as the crescent above  
In the midst of the stars ; and caresses  
Out-numbered the stars that it passed in the spheres  
To the innermost Heaven's recesses.  
And the words that we wove in the night-diadem  
Were so strange in their accents and stresses,  
Till the violets fell in the roses below,  
Swooned in worlds, of bashful excesses.

*THE SONG THEY LEFT ON THE* 109  
*TERRACE.*

Then we dived, in the morn,  
In the stream that is born  
In the mountain of sweet water-courses ;  
And through the low land  
We rode hand in hand,  
Straining kisses to each from our horses !

And then noon glowed away  
In a trance as we lay  
In the glade that the shade intersperses.  
Under flowers we crept,  
And in odours we slept,  
Hidden up in the laurels and furzes.

But I died in this love,  
As the stars fall above,  
To light dead lakes of the spirit ;  
And our souls floating even,  
Shall repeat it in heaven,  
Where cherubims cluster to hear it.

ALY.

*For Music.*

*Gaudendum cum gaudentibus*  
TACITUS.

"If the key is in the door": She said,

Come in,

Come in.

She blushed as she whispered it low, and laid

Her white little hand in mine, as though

'Twere some precious thing all flower-like made.

To set the wide world's heart aglow.

For she does not know that my soul lies still

As a child in her presence sweet.

With a mystic censer to guard her from ill,

My spirit lives there at her feet.

If the key is in the door: she said,

Come in,

Come in.



ALY.

111

But I brought her the scents from the cool moonlight,  
And the sighs she hears round are from me.  
I passed the chinks of the portals of night,  
And came in on the wind from the sea.

I'm the moth that flies painfully too near her light,  
And burn all to hear when she sings ;  
And I catch all the notes from her lips in their flight,  
And bear them away on my wings.

Come in,

Come in,

If the key is in the door : she said,

Come in,

Come in.

## TWO FATES.

For Recitation.

*We only ask for love to give it back.*

THIS is a story of strange true love ;  
 The gentle sway whose pleasure is to yield.  
 How tell the tale ?—how fair she was and false.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Her lover then, when I was brought to her,  
 Loved her as the hour loves some melody,  
 On which it slips away and dies. He felt  
 A strange dark instinct—realized. She left him .  
 Loved me ; until I too in time was left.  
 She hoped then I would turn on her in wrath.  
 Alas, I had but words to say how fair  
 Her faults were. Bend me low, and pass to grief,

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

With power to make men felons, gods or mad,  
 She held all things but happiness. There hung  
 An evil number somewhere in the stars  
 About her.

Haply there had been sword play



At first between her former love and me :  
And better I had fallen. But he passed  
From sight mysteriously, weirdly ; none  
Knew whither. I writhed here in pain, and, quick  
With life to feel the deathly souvenir,  
Hating and loving aught that brought her back,  
Lived on, and smiled, and laughed—upon my sleeve,  
Above the parched shades and ashes cursed  
Of half-spent hells of ruined passion.

We have all some phrase in life we cannot read  
Without a thrill ; and so, once passing, late  
For some Mayfair<sup>1</sup> repast, and driving through  
The bye-streets of the shorter way, wherein  
The sounding hoofs of high-bred steeds awoke  
Unwonted clatter, I approached a knot  
Of homely folk about a lonely man.

I stopped—I know not why—and mixed among  
The loiterers there. “He’s always so,” they said,  
All laughing. ’Twas he. Mad ! That former love  
Of hers. A wise no-meaning look, and then  
A second heaven lit his face, a weird  
Beatitude ; his dress unchosen and awry ;

His hand to his head, as though to clutch and keep  
His thoughts, all strewn among its silken snow.  
His eye, fixed far above the weary brows  
Of these unkempt waifs of the outer world,  
Shone with the light 'that never was on earth  
Or sea.' His lips moving, seemed singing things  
Unheard of. Calm, peaceable, heedless and mad.

Singling me—he knew not why—"There—!" he said,  
"There ;—there ! See her ! She bids me come. Her  
hands

Are held to me ; her white enticing hands.  
Her eyes rain azure love through each dark lash  
And drop their kiss on me. 'Tis too much bliss :  
O ! God—I'll hold my spirit still lest I  
Go mad ; mad ; mad !—She calms me now, and kneels  
By me—a queen !—an angel ! Hear her words !—  
No ! not words—music !—for her voice is song,  
Fear not, Marion—my love will last until  
The end !"

The night grew woven fire. I fled,  
And left the chafing steeds and gaping man  
To drive to—Paradise, or where he would.  
Home, I locked me in the inmost chamber

Of my house. O! *then* to have wept. But no,  
My homeless eyes were hard and hollow—hot  
As a crater ;—without one human tear. Dry  
As a Tuscan river-bed in Summer.  
It all came back, my hate of him ; my love  
Of her ; and spilled my inmost blood again.  
At last, there from the lowlit niche I tore  
The cross that bore the Saviour down, and cursed  
My brain. And would have beat it from my brow  
To walk with him there hand-in-hand all night  
In sorrow's squalid streets. Had he not all  
That drink can give? that life can give? and love?  
MADNESS. . . Then I prayed ; prayed like the damned

man,

For whom all night they build a gallows tree.  
Prayed that God would crush my haunting cry  
From out my prisoned mind, "*It cannot be.*"  
Until these mocking skies are broken through  
And show that *this* life is the dream, and his,  
The madman's rave, ALL that is reality :—  
*And that which is to be!*



"A WORD OF TROTH."

*For Music.*

*"Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus."*

WOULD you go, without one little vow,  
 Would you leave without one little word,  
 That would make Heaven's altars to glow,  
 And an angel to write what he heard?

Not a word I could whisper through nights  
 Full of tears that will come when we part,  
 In the sweet Summer shadows and lights  
 While the Summer is breaking my heart.

Not a word I can answer the breeze  
 When it thrills me to death with thy name;  
 And can tell to the leaves on the trees  
 How it trembled like them when it came.

Not a word I could beg them to write  
 On the stone they will lay over me,  
 Just to tell how a wee little while  
 It had linked me to Heaven and thee.









## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

REF.: *Page VI., Preface of Illustrated Edit'n.*

Reference having been made in the present edition to the pamphlet of "Press Opinions," a portion of a collection of abridged paragraphs—compiled for *L'Association Littéraire Internationale*, of Paris, by the British Delegate, for literary controversy—showing the similarity of the international opinion in Europe and America on certain characteristics of the poems, is subjoined to the present volume, with their dates.—ED.

"*Court Journal*," London, August 4th, 1877.

He either treats strong passions and strong situations grandly and powerfully, or glides softly through a tender love tale, and touches our inmost hearts.

"*Morning Post*," London, August 27th, 1877.

Elegance, tenderness, pathos and power.

"*The Mail*," Weekly Edition of "*The Times*," London,  
September 25th, 1877.

Perfect in form and charming in tone.

"*Boston Evening Transcript*," 1884.

A European reputation as a poet and painter.

"*Examiner*," September 1st, 1877.

A mastery of English measure.

"*The Graphic*," London, December 22d, 1879.

Pathos and passion permeate these songs of love and chivalry . . . Tragically passionate, his pictures of love and life are painted in with powerful strokes, but their almost painful beauty is never marred by a coarse touch.

His verse is alight with love, but it is clean fire.

Essentially human, they are so full of music and manly sentiment that only a prurient mind could disapprove of them.

"*The Court Circular*," London, December 1st, 1877.

Highest elegance of versification and tenderness of sentiment.

"*Revue Britannique*," Paris,

The poems have a character perfectly Dantesque.

*Lord Beaconsfield*, 1878.

One of the most charming collection of poems I have ever read. "*La Légende de Leuville*," translated into French, would make a most picturesque and dramatic recitation.

"*Figaro*," Paris.

We (France) should be proud of them.

"*Whitehall Review*," London, 1879.

One can imagine some bibliophile of the future thumbing his graceful books and re-editing them as the most apt expression of the poetry of these days. We have no sympathy with those sciolists who have innocently, if not ignorantly, aimed their shafts at him, and he has suffered a perfect martyrdom of *petitesesses* at their hands. . . . Especially a brimming over of a certain deep melancholy and flashing memories of a dare-devil but craving life, while he bears the *stigmata* of more than one great grief. . . . Let this ripen in his powerful mind, and the men and women of to-morrow will bear upon them the impress of his startling yet scholarly rhythm, and his refined talent as a painter.

*Charles Leland* (Hans Brietmann), 1879.

Poetical ideas in it enough for twenty books.

*Charles Reade*, 1881.

Fearless original and eccentric. Hans Brietmann is right. His work contains a California of poetical ideas . . . He seems to taste the Oxford "cynico-epicurean" sense of every word, though he is more a painter than a poet.

"*Manchester Courier*," December 27th, 1880.

The best living specimen of a combination of Count d'Orsay, Alfred de Musset and Swinburne.

"*The Aberdeen Journal*," September 1st, 1877.

Sweet poetic thoughts to secure a place far up the British Parnassus. Not in Browning is there verse finer than "Fallen," nor in Hood than "Daily Bread."

*Arsène Houssaye*, late Ministre des Arts, Paris.

A poet equal to Byron, and a painter like Turner.

"*Le Pays*," Paris, May 25th, 1883.

He could be a Francis I., a Buckingham, Lord Byron, Richelieu, Athos, or even d'Artagnan.

"*La Patrie*," Paris, May 13th, 1883.

An apostle of the truly beautiful. A chief of the *true* æsthetic school . . . Has fallen into the error of not wishing to pander to the exigencies of the "*Pschutt*," the fashionable tyrant of to-day, and is immediately bombarded for ever with this irksome cognizance of "eccentric" and "original." In fact a man more calumniated hardly exists.

"*May Fair*," London, July 24th, 1877.

He makes us look to our national laurels and bays . . . Has approved himself worthy of a place in our English Pantheon. Poems flushed with the sunshine of the South: but that he can appreciate the colouring and melody of an English Summer day is well shown by his water-colour drawings and verses.

"*Chicago Times*," 1884.

A man of broad and liberal culture and wide travel, having crossed the desert, North Africa, Spain, and part of the American Continent, and enjoys high rank as a poet and painter. . . . Good Greek and Latin scholar. "*Entre-nous*" has in it poetical ideas enough for twenty books.

"*Albany Journal*," U. S. A., March 17th, 1884.

Rare literary ability and considerable reputation as poet and painter.

"*The Morning Post*," London, December 18th, 1877.

Neither studied nor conventional. . . . Thorough capacity to think and write in French and English.

"*The Italie*," Rome.

A contradistinction of all those books that only appear to die . . . "*The Bay of Villafranca*" will clothe the thought of the fisherman of that enchanted sea many a night . . . The outpouring of a heart that has suffered, consoling itself by helping others. . . . "*Ælia*" is a romance, a gem; a perfect fifteenth century scene.

"*L'Opinione*," Rome.

Spontaneous, flowing, and harmonious, and many flowers gathered from our Italian soil.

"*Gil Blas*," Paris, April 16th, 1883.

Chivalrous; and neither maudlin nor feeble. He loves the strong, clear, frank laugh that is manly and cheering, and a love-song sung by a bold cavalier and a fearless gentleman. . . . A *littérateur* of the greatest talent, a painter of considerable power, and a son of France by reason of his heart and his wit.

"*Saunders's News-Letter*," Dublin, September 6th, 1877.

A vigorous, healthy tone, not much in vogue in these days of the "fleshy school." . . . Original and never obscure. . . . No mean contribution to the poetic literature of the day.

"*The Berlin Gegenwort*," Berlin, November 14th, 1877.

In one hand he holds a mastery of light *causerie*, in the other noble pictures with a charm of language so sweet that all seems wrapped in some soft Oriental robe. . . . Possesses the cruel reality, the enchanting ideal, in the highest degree. A fearless individuality, a freedom, a capricious originality which, compared with ordinary English poetry, is as the fleet free flight of an Arab barb in the wide desert to the monotonous amble of a park hack.

"*The Boston Globe*," Boston, October 18th, 1877.

There is something more in these verses than a mere reproduction of the obvious aspects of the world within and without us; there is insight into their underlying significance.

"*The Art Journal*," London, March 2d, 1877.

The very highest order of power as well as grace. He has established his claim to prominent rank as one of the poets of the period.

"*Home Journal*," Boston, March 22d, 1884.

A European reputation as painter and poet.

*Lord Beaconsfield*, 1879.

Has created more envy than a First Groom of the Bed-chamber.

"*Home Journal*," New York, December 21st, 1881.

A remarkable man in many ways, with a head resembling the pictures of Lord Byron, and a manner almost child-like in its naïf, frank simplicity and boyishness. . . . His beautiful paintings are greatly admired.

"*Het Nieuws Van Den Dag*," Amsterdam, Sept. 26th, 1883.

Bekenden tegenstander. Æsthetisch streven.

"*National Tribune*," Washington, April 3d, 1884.

The poems became the rage at once. A veritable Admiration Crichton. . . . A fine artist, and writing in five languages. Strongly tinged with the realism of literature founded by Balzac and disgraced by Zola ; but he never approaches even the uncleanness of the latter.

"*Buffalo Courier*," March 18th, 1884.

A man of broad culture, a thorough linguist ; one of nature's born poets.

"*Manchester Courier*," Manchester, April 11th, 1883.

An advocate of the dare-devil chivalry of the Middle Ages.

"*Milwaukee Sentinel*," (Ella Wheeler), May 18th, 1884.

A knight of the Middle Ages ; a true poet.

"*High Life*," Paris, 1880.

Grand seigneur, homme de lettres, artiste amateur, semblable à ces nobles de la Renaissance italienne, dont le blason était dessiné par les Muses. Leur génie rayonne comme leur personne. Ses vers sont fils de son cœur ; ce sont les pages, émues ou gaies, de son carnet de voyages . . . Bizarre et excentrique. . . Ses lauriers font un bel effet sur son blason.

"*The Boulevard*," Paris, July 10th, 1880.

We are irresistibly carried away far over the mountains into some half-known land, wildly beautiful and untrodden by the foot of man, whereof his poems sing the strange and grand music. Has the power to illustrate his books in black and white, besides being one of the strongest colourists in water-colour we have seen of late. A finished elocutionist, though generally modest enough to recite any one else's verses rather than his own.

"*Indianapolis Journal*," March, 1882.

Grand poetry indeed. Stands in the first rank of artists . . . Drawings far better worthy of study than the water-colours at the Academy of New York . . . Often paints on an ordinary paper pistol-target of his own, riddled in the centre by bullets.

"*The Gazzetta d'Italia*," Naples, August 11th, 1879.

The enthusiasm which immediately burst forth on his work was simply nothing beyond his great merits.

"*Ill'd Sporting & Dramatic News*," London, Aug. 2d, 1879.

Heartfelt earnestness.



"*Lowell Morning Mail*," November 14th, 1881.

Writes in French, English and Italian with ease. Contributed to the *Whitehall Review* and periodicals of note, and French journals. Can illustrate his works and recite his verse in a thoroughly artistic manner.

"*The Enquirer*," Philadelphia, December 13th, 1881.

He will divide popularity now with Tennyson. . . . Has oftener the hearty, manly ring of Longfellow. Has the power to recite his verse and illustrate his books with his own pencil—no mean one.

"*Home Journal*," November 9th, 1881.

The beau ideal of an artist, nor does this belie him in his pen-and-ink sketches. Not content with the laurels of Art and Poesy, he plucks a leaf from the brow of the sister muse.

"*L'Artiste*," of Arsène Houssaye, Paris, February, 1881.

A *je ne sais quoi* of freshness and spontaneity, a man full of feeling, bright, frank, and free. In some pages, though, the poet's sadness bursts forth in touching accents that have a fullness of beauty—a richness of metaphor that is simply magnificent . . . A strain of imposing and austere beauty.

"*Boston Beacon*," March 29th, 1884.

A man of culture and a thorough linguist.

"*Galignani's Messenger*," Paris, November 5th and 6th, 1883.

Is what Germans call *vielsietig*, a many-sided man . . . Capital verses with as much poetry as fine specimens of manly English.

"*Le Triboulet*," Paris, April 21st, 1881.

One of the most distinguished poets, and painter of great talent.

"*Le Soir*," Paris, June, 1883.

The chief of a new æsthetic school. The author of "*Entre-Nous*" is still a *furor*.

*Carlyle.*

Too much above people's heads to have a great success . . . An entire want of *floor* to all he writes and paints . . . The vulgar will probably hate him.

"*The Brighton Standard*," Brighton, Dec. 4th, 1879.

All breathe deep feeling, and are conceived under great and sad emotion such as stolid Saxons very rarely possess.



"*Le Globe*," Paris, October 12th, 1880.

A renowned Anglo-French poet.

"*The Daily Chronicle*."

Has made verse a method of giving to the world the fantastic but ennobling memories of days spent in travel so wild that it borders on the work of the explorer, and in keen observation of life in its most pathetic and graceful aspects . . . . The mediæval romance of "*Aëlia*" has a courage and unconventional freshness that show forth genius, that makes the light of the poetic sacred fire shine upon the faces of the readers. . . . A rich broidery of modern æstheticism in its highest sense. . . . He promises to give us an English form of the odes and poems of the classic poets in the Sapphic metre. . . . With him the race of true poets will not die out . . . His other varied talents have often had the usual faculty of raising in vulgar minds an utter chaos of envy and calumny, both of which have been used to their utmost against him.

"*World*," New York, March 16th, 1884.

A man of broad culture, a thorough linguist, and one of nature's born poets.

"*Detroit Post and Tribune*," May 18th, 1884.

Arsène Houssaye calls him a *luminaire* (a seeker after light) in his paintings . . . Leans to the Salvator Rosa style, but toned by conscientious study of the Italian masters . . . Poetry in his painting, and painting in his poetry.

"*L'Illustration*," Paris, November, 1883.

Un des écrivains les plus distingués. . . . Revèlant un sentiment profond de l'æsthétique . . . Une organization d'élite.

"*La Paix*," Paris, 1880.

*Translation.*

Fresh as an April morning with the tender richness of the spring. The thoughts in their soaring height, have the broad, strong wings of the eagle, held bravely upward and at ease; a ring of such a heart-rending sorrow here and there, that we know this poet has suffered, and out of his sorrow has come his song, with a sad sad note that *must* break forth despite all effort to keep it back. Imbued with a longing to heal all human woe, when he sings of it his heart thrills with a charity, a majesty, that is the true poet's cry of sisterhood to sorrow. . . . Knowledge of refined life, and the absolute aristocratic instinct in "*Chez l'Ambassadeur*."

"*World*," August 16th, 1884.

Possesses talent uncommon to rank. . . .

"*Le Gaulois*," Paris, November 19th, 1883.

Un *Antinoüs Hercule* : tire l'épée et le pistolet comme Saint-Georges, monte à cheval comme Fordham, cuisine comme Brillat-Savarin, parle presque autant de langues que le comte d'Irison, et rime comme Musset. Sa devise est : *Faites!*—courte et fière.

Voici  
Le personnage en raccourci.

. . . Vers pleins d'émotion et de tendresse, où le français et l'anglais se partagent parfois la rime. Fait songer à Victor Hugo et Ruckert ; c'est un Byron français ou un Musset anglais ; comme eux, il a chanté la femme et l'amour. Il a horreur des boudinés modernes, qui sont la négation de l'élégance et de la force. Aussi hardi voyageur que M. de Brazza.

"*Home Journal*," Boston, March 22d, 1884.

. . . A European reputation as a poet and painter.

"*Galvani*," Paris, November 14th, 1883.

. . . The *bon vivant* of taste and talent.

"*Boston Saturday Gazette*," May 17th, 1884.

Admired and enjoyed. Does all with grace, and dramatically. . . .

"*Northern Times*," England, 1882.

Not of the fleshly school, unless inasmuch as flesh means hard fibres and stern passion. Imagery often above the heads of untravelled men. . . . When Nimrod is a born poet he brings back from prairie and jungle the beauties of a fresh, unhackneyed mind. The works of the Anglo-French Nobleman are magnificent in this. A strange mixture of genius carelessness and erudition. Some very remarkable transcripts of the Sapphic metre, and some Greek iambs, also charming original poems in French and Italian. His general construction of phrase, however, is French.

"*Saturday Times*," Boston, April 5th, 1884.

. . . An elocutionist of no mean parts.

"*Le Soir*," Paris, July 13th, 1883

. . . Le poète æsthetique.

"*Daily Chronicle*," December 27th, 1882.

. . . An æsthetic nobleman. . . .

"*Chicago Tribune*," February 18th, 1883.

. . . Even calumny has not embittered him.

"*L'Italie*," Rome.

. . . Un artiste grand seigneur.

"*Boston Courier*," March 23d, 1884.

. . . Has distinguished himself both as poet and painter

"*The Roma*," Naples, October 2d, 1879.

. . . There is also all the fire of Byron's *Don Juan* in this fresh bright poet.

"*Times*," Chicago, May, 1884.

. . . An artist, a poet, a musician, and a fine painter.

"*Roman Times*," Rome, July 18th, 1883.

. . . He feels intensely, and feels like a grand, poetical knight of old. . . .

"*Express*," Buffalo, March 18th, 1884.

. . . All that a maiden's fancy ever dreamed.

"*Le Voltaire*," Paris, November 6th, 1882.

Un des plus extraordinaires champions que l'on connaisse.

"*Saturday Times*," Boston, March 22d, 1884.

A broad scholar, very superior linguist. Poems enjoyed the popularity of eight editions. . . . Highly praised on this side also.

"*Albany Evening Journal*," July 10th, 1884.

Rare mental endowments: manly, frank and intellectual.

"*Globe*," Boston, May 19th, 1884.

. . . With his deft brush he can paint the most charming water-colours, or with his facile pen write the most fascinating of verses. An extraordinary linguist, an adept in all the manly sports. Has received the highest encomiums from the press of this country.

"*Le Papillon*," Paris, May 6th, 1883.

Possédant le sentiment du beau à dose énorme d'un coloriste et d'un poète énamouré comme Musset, vivant comme lui la poésie et des rêves chivalresques. Quelques uns l'ont mal compris, mais il est simplement un homme d'infiniment d'esprit, ayant pour idéal tout ce qui est beau, noble, et bon dans son imagination puissante.

"*Le Soir*," Paris, November 5th, 1883.

. . . Poésies des plus attrayantes. . . .

"*La Liberté*," Paris, November 14th, 1883.

Polyglotte et voyageur intrepide: a fondé une école esthetique. . . .

"*Post*," Boston, March 21st, 1884.

A European reputation as a poet and a painter.

"*Weekly Argus*," May 3d, 1884.

. . . A famed writer and painter. . . .

*Henri Ketten*, 1879.

. . . Plus harmonieuses et plus adaptées d'être mises en musique que toutes autres poésies que je connais. Elles portent chacune une riche et douce mélodie toute faite entre leurs ailles. Mais le poète lui même a du avoir souvent senti les larmes aux yeux. Juste l'âme d'élite comme disait Litz et que les vulgaires tachent à détruire par la calomnie personnelle.

"*Gil Blas*," Paris, Nov. 2d, 1883.

Une personnalité Parisienne, mais connaissant à fond L'Italien, Espagnol, Allemand, Anglais, Français, Grec, et le Latin. . . . Charmant et original. Des vers pleins d'émotion et de tendresse. . . .

"*Detroit Free Press*," May, 1884.

An elocutionist. . . . His special gift is poetry ; foreign critics have pronounced it worthy of the highest genius.

*M. Molinari*, of the *Journal des Debats*, Paris, 1877.

. . . Poésie bien charmante.

"*Le Reveil*," Paris, Ncvember 21st, 1884.

. . . Une personnalité comme il en existe peu ; comme il n'en existe pas.

"*Transcript*," Boston, March 20th, 1884.

Rare attainments and rare literary ability. The only danger will be his giving too free a rein to his political fancy.

"*Morning Post*," London, August 7th, 1877.

. . . Each poem has a soul and body. He writes as though a thought had, as it were, become entangled in a mesh of sweet strong words,—words that have long been in love with each other but have only now got wedded.

"*Lutheran Observer*," Philadelphia, April 4th, 1884.

Broad culture, rare literary ability, and considerable reputation as a poet and painter. . . .

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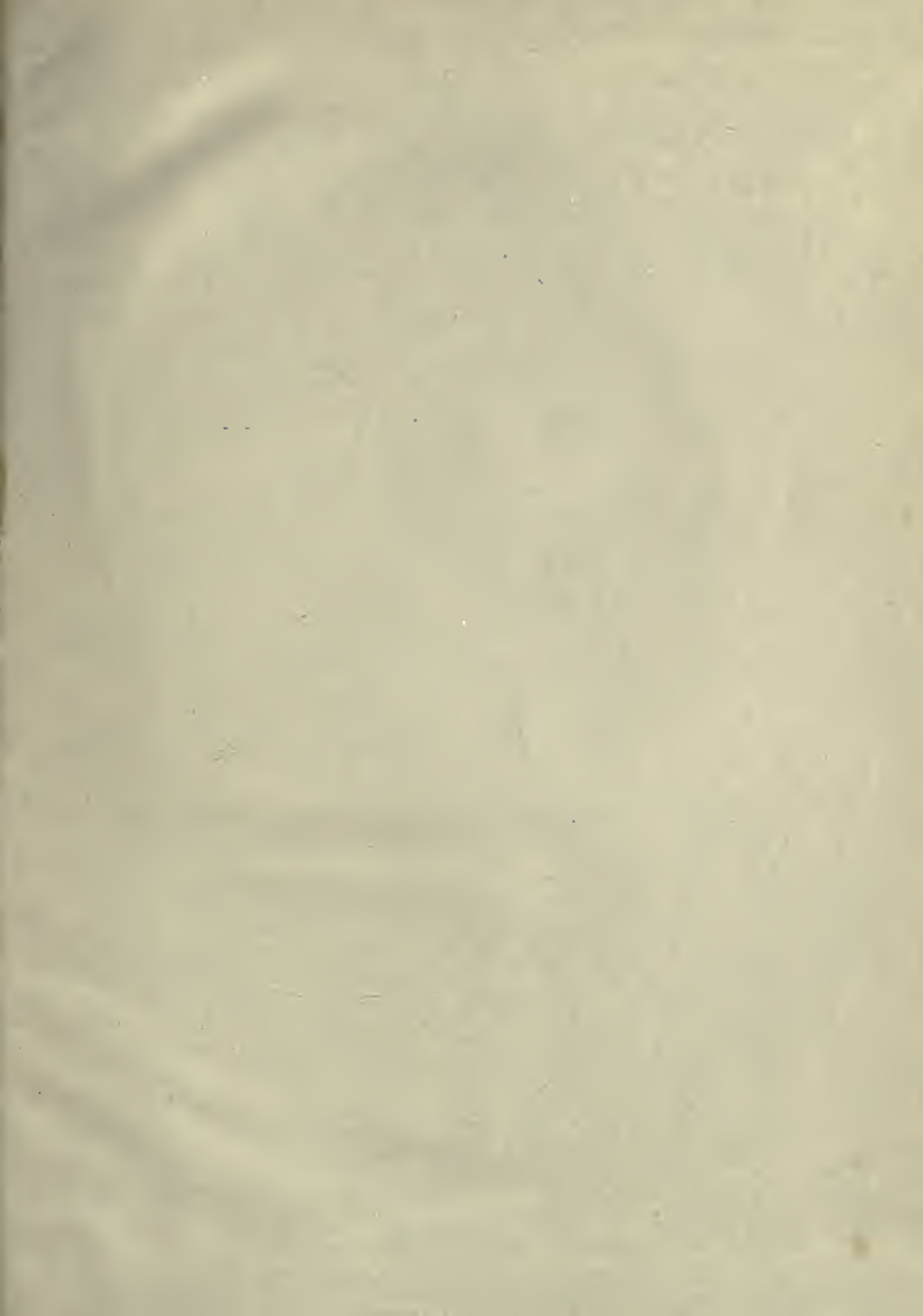
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